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NEW YORK TYPES AS SEEN BY WESTERN EYES

THE SUBWAY BROMIDIOTS—BY CLAIRE CHAPLINE

These form the largest variety of the ordinary species of Gothamiti mediocriti. Their habitat is the region within a radius of ten blocks of a subway station, and they always refer to the subway as being "right at their door." This is the chief subway bromide. But there are others.

Those who are found outside of this region take the elevated or a surface car solely because the air of the subway is so bad.

"There's nothing like having a subway right at your door if you want to get anywhere on time," says the Subway Bromidiot. "We've got the "L" around the corner, but I never think of taking it. Every morning I pass by the "L" station on my way and wonder how people can spare the time. Why, that little jaunt of nine blocks over to the 'sub' does me all kinds of good. Fills my lungs with fresh air and I'm fit for the rest of the day. Then I jump on the local—never have to wait for it—change over to the express at the Grand Central (that saves two minutes), change back to the boat at Fourteenth, and by the time I've finished my paper I'm just easy at Astor Place. Great thing! Wonder how we ever did without it! Why, in the old days it used to take me four times as long to get down town. Wonderful strides transportation is making. Now, if anybody had told you years ago that a train would be running under the Hudson river, for instance, you would have thought he was crazy. Now, wouldn't you? Yes, of course, and you would have declared that you would never ride in it. Of course. But you never think of such a thing now. Why, the percentage of danger in underground travel, they say, is—well, I forget just how much, but you'd be surprised if you knew. Of course, if there ever is an accident

"THERE WILL BE A SUBWAY IN EVERY CITY."

you have an awfully gone feeling, somehow. It isn't as if it were somewhere where you could get out. Third call, you know. Ever stalled in the 'sub?' I was one. All the lights went out and were were all pretty scared. But think of it! Only that once in all the time I've been riding! When I think of the number of breakdowns I used to have on the surface car it makes me wonder. No, sir. Me for the 'sub.' Why, I use it for everything. Ever notice that no matter how long a string of tickets you get in the morning they're always gone before night? Funny thing about subway tickets. Simply can't keep 'em.

"Then, again, there's a lot more room in the 'sub.' Why, nine times out of ten I actually get a seat from Fourteenth to Astor. Yes, sir, and I never thought of such a thing as sitting down in the surface or 'L' cars.

"It's only a question of a short time before they put enough trains on so that nobody will have to stand. Takes time to get things adjusted to the crowds, naturally.

"Why, when I think of these commuters having to depend on trains it makes me laugh. Aren't those Jersey trains the worst ever? We lived over in Jersey one winter, and that train never ran on the time she was scheduled for more than six times the whole blooming year. Fact. And then I wasn't expecting it, so I missed it. Different with the 'sub.' If you miss one train there's another along in three-quarters of a minute. Never lose any time.

"You can live 'way out, have all the advantages of the country, and still jump on the 'sub' and be downtown at your office in fifteen minutes at the outside. Time is coming when there will be a subway in every city. It's the only way to travel. People are beginning to find it out. Of course, the rest of the country is bound to take it up. Always follow what New York starts."

—Copyright by New York Evening Telegram.

Where Peace Advocates Meet

Lake Mohonk, N. Y., May 22.—Visitors from afar who are in attendance at the annual peace conference are loud in their praises of the beauties of this place.

To a lover of nature in its wildest, most romantic and picturesque phases, there are few, if any, localities on the American continent offering more attractions than Lake Mohonk and its immediate surroundings. In certain of its aspects the region has much to remind one of Switzerland, with its cliff-encircled glens, its high mountain reaches and wide-spreading vistas of hills and valleys. Situated on a plateau of the Shawangunk mountains, thirteen hundred feet above the Hudson, the Lake Mohonk estate comprises an area about six miles in length by nearly a mile in width, a truly lordly domain and unique as it is lordly. Near one end of the estate lies the little lake from which the place takes its name, a body of water which the Indians called Moggunk (Sky Top), changed in later days to the more euphonious Mohonk.

This lake, which is more like an enormous bowl of clear water, carved out of the solid cliffs which rise sheer from its edge on every side save one, has a depth of from forty to eighty feet and a circumference of something over a mile. Towering above the lake on its eastern side and three hundred feet above its surface is Sky Top, the highest peak of the Shawangunk range. From this elevated point, which has been made accessible by a winding footpath up the cliff and also by an easy carriage road, a panorama rolls out before the eyes hardly to be paralleled for magnificence in all the wide world.

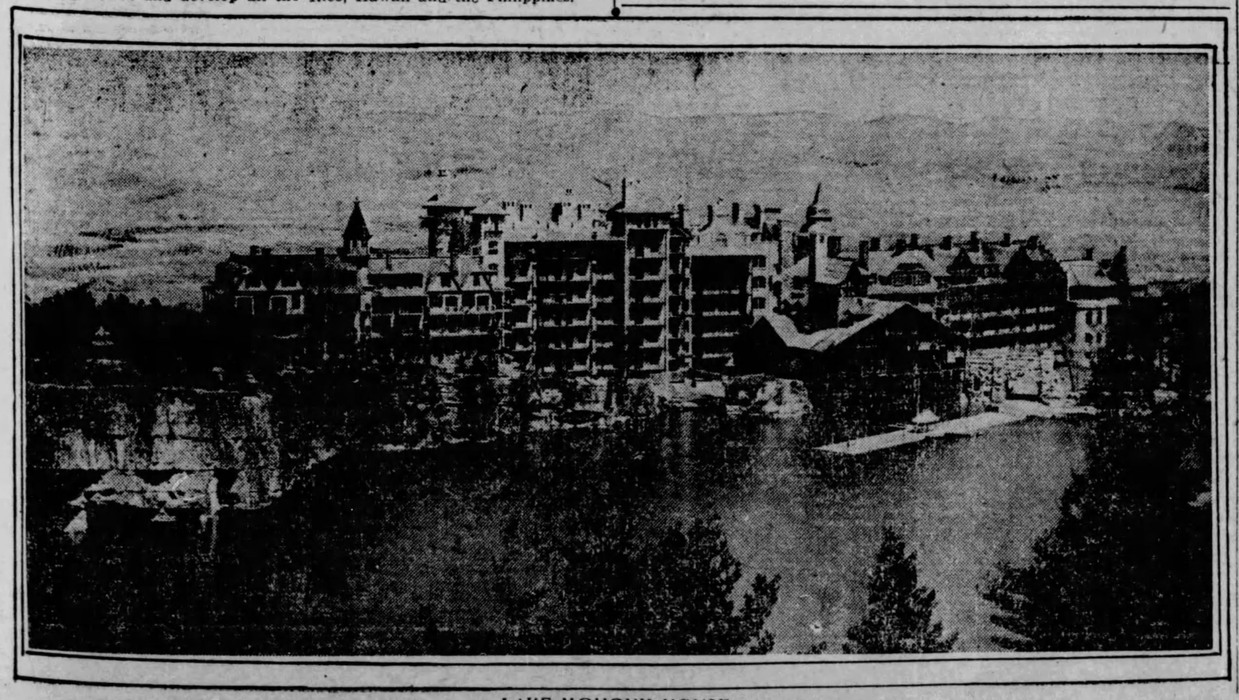
Within the sweep of vision here are portions of no less than six states—the hills of New Jersey and northern Pensylvania, the Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts and Connecticut, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and, in the foreground on the east, the Highlands skirting the Hudson river valley, and on the west and north the Catskills.

While the utmost care has been taken to preserve and develop all the natural beauty of the Mohonk estate, the finest landscape art and a vast amount of money have been drawn upon to enhance its loveliness and make it accessible with ease and comfort to guests and tourists. To this end some fifty miles of macadamized roads have been constructed under the cliffs and around the mountains, while half as many miles of winding paths, carefully guarded at dangerous points, lead to the glens, the caves, the peaks, the ledges above the lake and other places of interest.

At frequent intervals along these roads and paths pretty little summer houses, thatched with straw after the Swiss pattern, have been erected and provided with restful seats for the weary sightseer. Running out from the lake and the hotel, at their northern extremity, is an open space of fifteen acres converted from its former condition as a rock-strewn forest plot into spacious lawns and gardens, wherein grow a profusion of the rarest vines, shrubs and flowers. Connected with these gardens are tennis courts and croquet grounds of the same ample dimensions.

A considerable part of the estate has been carefully reforested by its present owner with pines, oaks, elms and other hardy growths, but many of the old trees of this order are still to be found, veritable giants, some of them estimated to be from three to eight centuries old.

The first humanitarian work to which the Lake Mohonk house opened its hospitable doors was that in behalf of the Indians. The first conference in their interest was held at the lake in October, 1883, and has been held annually in that month ever since with a constantly increasing influence and power for good. Mr. Albert K. Smiley was prompted to this step by the fact that he had been a member of the board of Indian commissioners for some years previous and had become deeply concerned in the welfare of the aborigines. In 1904 this conference broadened its scope and enlarged its sphere of usefulness by taking under its consideration the native people of our new dependencies, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines.



LAKE MOHONK HOUSE.

Canebrake Grass for Paper Pulp.

Macon (Ga.) Dispatch to New York American.

It was less than two months ago that the okra plant was found to be valuable in the manufacture of paper, and since that time some extensive experiments have been made with other plants of a kindred nature. The results have been highly satisfactory from this standpoint, and it is now believed that the grass found in Georgia canebrakes, known as Arundinaria macrosperma, can be utilized in the manufacture of paper just as well as wood pulp or okra pulp.

Some time ago Secretary Harry Burns, of the Macon Chamber of Commerce, wrote to Mr. N. A. Cobb, agricultural technologist of the bureau of plant industry at Washington, in reference to okra pulp. Mr. Cobb in his reply went on to state that he has just heard from J. K. Small, head curator of the museums and herbarium of the New York Botanical Gardens. He said that Mr. Small stated in his letter that he paid a visit to the canebrakes below Macon and found the canebrake grass especially adapted for the manufacture of paper.

If this grass can be utilized it may revolutionize the manufacture of paper, as the grass can be secured for but little more than the cutting. It is very plentiful.

A Chinese Custom.

London Tit-Bits.

About 60 Chinamen proceeded to the graves of two recently buried Celestials in Anfield cemetery, Liverpool. A gigantic tray carried by four Chinamen, and containing foods, including a fully grown roasted pig decorated with red rosettes, cooked fowl, beefsteaks, oranges and sweets, was brought on the scene. A bottle or two of Scotch whisky, flanked with eggcups and liquor glasses, were also placed on one of the graves. The spirit was plentifully poured upon the meats, and rice was sprinkled upon the grave, and afterward joss sticks, paper offerings, and boxes of crackers were burned. The explosion of the fireworks made a lively diversion in the otherwise solemn proceedings.

Caught a Baby Whale.

London Standard.

The smallest specimen of a baby whale ever caught by a British trawler was landed at Grimsby yesterday by the King James. It was brought up in the trawl net in the North sea, and was so small—18 inches long and three pounds three ounces in weight—that the fishermen could not realize that it was a whale until an expert certified the fact.

The local officer for the board of fisheries secured this specimen, which could not have been calved more than three or four days, and immediately dispatched it to the laboratories of the fisheries department in London.

Promoting a Land Sale.

Howard DuBois, the noted mining engineer, told a good story to the Tech men recently, says the Boston Record, illustrating the "art" of salting a diamond mine. The story was told of a man in South Africa, who, while waiking one day over his property, suggested that they assay some of the soil.

In the search that ensued eight rough diamonds were found, and offers began to fly through the air at a rapid rate for the land, when the host's wife called out to her husband:

"Why, John, where are the other two?"

The sequel of the story was left to the imagination.

PURPLE AND HOMESPUN

BY AUSTIN FRYERS

LONDON—1908.

CHAPTER X.

The Politics of the English.

In anticipation of the meeting which Jeannette would arrange for the morrow, the Princess had a heightened color and sparkling eyes as she drove with the Duchess of Saxenhagen to make an afternoon call on the Duchess of Somerton.

The Duchess noticed the improved appearance of the Princess, and concluded that she had followed her advice and had the advantage of an after-lunch siesta.

"There is nothing like being thoroughly rested," said she, "before facing the fatigue of any function. Your little rest has done you a world of good, Princess. I have never seen your Highness look better."

"Ah, Duchess," laughed the Princess with sincere enjoyment. "You really spoil me with so much kindness and attention."

The Duchess of Somerton was a leader of conservative society. She was reputed to be of considerable service to the party, and many a story was told of the successes she achieved by tactful use of her patronage in winning back to allegiance recalcitrant members, and to her was frequently left the task of reconciling divergent sections who were bound to meet at her famous receptions, and were unable to resist friendly compromise when the opportunity of effecting it was offered at one of her little familiar and informal gatherings.

At the moment disruption threatened the party, compared with which the suggestion of nepotism, to which was acridly ascribed the institution of the parliamentary Hotel Cecil, was as nothing. This threat was nothing more nor less than the revolt of the brewing and distilling interests. In a word, Bung was angry and Sir Peter Jury was his prophet. A very loud and frank prophet, too, for Sir Peter made no secret of his disgust, nor of his intention to rebel if "the trade" became the betrayed.

"What is the strength of the government," asked Sir Peter of the world at large for the immediate benefit of those in his vicinity who might be relied on to convey what he said to Downing street. "What is its strength but the Trade? What has always been its strength? The Trade. And why are we to be forsaken; cast into the outer yard for the Nonconformist wolves and whining dogs to prey on us? Why? I should like to know why, for it will mean disaster to the government, and can bring them no possible advantage. Does any one believe that the whining, teetotal, fanatical Nonconformist can ever be anything but a canting Radical and a Little Englander? And yet it is for these people, their avowed, unalterable enemies, the enemies of Imperialism and of their country, that the government is going to throw over the Trade, the only solid, prosperous, corporate interest in the country on which they can rely. The bulwarks of conservatism and imperialism used to be church and the Trade, but the government has set itself insanely to undermine the one, and is now contemplating the ruin of the other. Bishops in former days were gentlemen; they courted the society of gentlemen, and they lived like gentlemen; and thus they remained what they were intended to be, pillars of the state and bulwarks of the constitution. Look at all the new bishops! What are they? Gentlemen! Yes, but not gentlemen who put the prestige and greatness of their country before their own narrow, petty, individual views and fads. Is it a bishop's duty to identify himself with a faddist section. What right has a bishop to be a teetotaler, and by being so hold up to contempt and the insult of misrepresenation one of the greatest industries in the country. A bishop as a pillar of the state should represent the nation as a whole—the heterogenerous efforts making for varied achievements on which the greatness of the empire rests should command his loyalty, sympathy and succour; but what do we see in the modern bishop, the creation of the suicidal policy of the government we brought into power, and whose tenure of office lies in the palm of our hand! We see a fanatical teetotaler, who, while holding to his own far from attenuated income, preaches against wealth, preaches against industry which means capital, preaches against the Trade. We see him marching through the East-end slums at the head of a tagrag and bobtail army carrying crazy banners; we see him inviting the workless, the thriftless, and the idle to intensify their hatred of the captains of industry instead of looking up to them with pride and respect as their natural guardians and patrons. The church in a word has been handed over by the suicidal policy of the government to its enemies, and now, as if bent on complete destruction, the government having got the church to throw over the trade, now contemplates attacking us itself. All I say is, that the Trade is ready. Those whom trade can make, the trade can unmake."

Sir Peter Drury fancied himself an orator, and many cabinet ministers who secretly differed with him feared his oratory, for it was effective and influenced votes, which is after all the highest achievement a public speaker can accomplish. There was much reason to fear Sir Peter as he was the acknowledged spokesman of the "Trade," and if the brewers of beer and distillers of spirits were not always able to follow his fluent periods and sounding phrases, they were always lost in admiration of his fluent speech and ready to vote as he advised. He was, therefore, a man to be seriously reckoned with, and his open resentment just now threatened to precipitate a political crisis.

It was, therefore, quite in the usual order of things that Sir Peter and Lady Drury were invited to the duchess of Somerton's informal gatherings; and Sir Peter, who knew the ropes pretty well, quite rightly anticipated that he would meet there one or two cabinet ministers. What Sir Peter probably did not suspect was that the duchess tactfully relied in no small measure on the good offices of Lady Drury to save her friends from Sir Peter's wrath.

"Peter," said that good lady as they drove towards Grosvenor Crescent, "mind that you don't talk too much today. A duchess' drawing room is not Trafalgar Square——"

"Trafalgar Square, Hetty!" gasped Sir Peter. "My dear, no one speaks in Trafalgar Square but loud-mouthed Radicals."

"That is exactly what I mean, Peter," returned his better half blandly. "Trafalgar Square is the only place where one may be loud-mouthed; not in a duchess' drawing room."

"I trust I know how to comport myself," said Sir Peter stiffly.

"You do, dear," said she sweetly, "and I only want to impress on you not to let your enthusiasm make you forget to do it. You must think of me as well as yourself and the—the Trade."

"Think of you. How can it affect you, Hetty?"

"Very easily, and very seriously. I am delighted to be on familiar terms with the duchess, because her friendship is the passport to society. Where were we before she took us up? In Clapham!"

"Hetty, have you taken leave of your senses? Why, we've been at Princes Gate now for five years."

"No, Peter, dear. For four years we lived in Clapham, and resided at Princess Gate. One does not get into society by taking a house in Mayfair. Through the duchess we have been enabled to live for the past year at Princess Gate as well as reside there. I like Princess Gate; I love society. I think you understand, Peter——"

"I am not sure that I do, Hetty," said Sir Peter somewhat tartly. "I cannot see that one should lose by doing one's duty."

"Duty!" echoed Lady Drury with a well simulated society sneer. "That is such a feeble excuse for doing nasty things. Even a policeman can make it."

"You speak as though I meant to do nasty things," complained Sir Peter testily. "What is it you want?"

"It is easier to tell you what I don't want. I don't want to be banished to Clapham."

Neither did Sir Peter; and so the duchess, her influence and her drawing room had already won a little victory for the anxious cabinet.

The duchess' gathering was not a large one, but it was more or less representative. It included a cabinet minister of the lesser rank; a very influential ministerialist peer whose wife rivalled the duchess as a political hostess, and who made himself very agreeable to Lady Drury during the afternoon; an author who was a member of the Athenaeum and therefore blameless of journalism; a fashionable teetotal bishop; a few representative society people; the Grand Duke Frederick; the duchess of Saxenhagen and Princess Alicia, who were here known by their proper titles.

The duchess' afternoon parties were conducted with a lack of formality which would have given a shudder to the genteel hostesses of Clapham and Bayswater. Its equivalent in the picturesque days of the regent was summed up in the couplet—

. . . tea and talk,
The morning scandal, and the Morning Post.

The duchess' afternoon functions might be described as—

. . . tea and talk,
A score for the party, or a miss in baulk.

The duchess was very good at giving a miss in baulk. If her grace had an object in view in securing the presence of a particular guest she was skilful in hiding the fact, and it was well nigh impossible to recognize her defeat, but still more difficult was it to score off it. A reason for this is that she never recognized her defeat, but still more difficult was it to score off it. A reason for this is that she never recognized it herself. A good angler who knows the retreat of a particularly fine fish is not disheartened by failure. He returns again and again until eventually his lure is successful. The duchess had similar patience, and similar methods, and rarely failed. The government valued her services, and their recognition was her exceeding great reward, for varied are the appeals which can be successfully made to the vanity of human nature.

"You still keep up your connection with the slum missions of the East End," said the duchess, addressing the bishop.

"Say rather with the slums themselves," replied the bishop. "Few people realize what beauty there is in the ungrammatical utterances of a coster."

"I know something of them," said Sir Peter, "but I thought they would be hardly likely to appeal to a bishop."

"You mean the swear words," said the bishop, smiling. "Oh, they are harmless enough. After all, intention is the sin, not the mere words. But a coster's exuberant language is usually due to drink, the curse of our submerged population."

Lady Drury saw with apprehension that Sir Peter was growing red in the face, roused by what he regarded as a deliberate throwing down of the gage of battle. The duchess withdrew to join the little knot who surrounded the princess by the grand piano.

"Submerged in drink," chuckled the cabinet minister, who fancied he made a joke. "What a happy fate for the average coster!"

"Submerged by drink," said the bishop quietly.

"You, of course, regard drink itself as a curse," suggested Sir Peter in a tone whose truculence was subdued under the chastening eye of his anxious wife. "You would, no doubt, prohibit its sale altogether."

"Dear me, no," said the bishop. "I have no objection to drink. Many of its effects seem to be quite useful."

"But you are a teetotaler," persisted Sir Peter.

"Yes, unfortunately. My doctor forbids me all alcoholic liquors, and many other things, too, I am sorry to say. I quite envy you robust people who can eat and drink what you like."

Sir Peter felt the ground of his opposition slipping away. The bishop had been mainly in his mind in his denunciations of the government for having democratized the church; but it was impossible to class as a rabid teetotaler one who openly regretted that he was debarred from alcoholic liquors through an enfeebled constitution.

"I am surprised," said Sir Peter, "that your lordship should be such an out-and-out advocate of teetotalism, when you have no objection on principle to alcoholic liquors."

"It is not a question of principle," said the bishop, "but of expediency. I object to drunkenness, and as the working man of the lower grades cannot drink without getting drunk, I think it far better he should not drink at all."

"I abhor drunkenness myself," said Sir Peter grandly.

"It is the cause of most of the crime and misery of the country," supplemented Lady Drury with quite impressive earnestness.

"What I can't understand," said the cabinet minister, "is how working men on the very low wages which they obtain for unskilled labor, can find the money to buy the nepenthe of drunkenness."

"It is the cheapest madness on the market," said the bishop. "It is not that they drink a great quantity, but the stuff is so vile, through adulteration, that a very little of it saves them from the accusation of their senses."

"But surely all that is wrong," said Lady Drury inquiringly. "Surely that is a state of things which could be remedied by legislation."

"My dear Lady Drury, talk is no remedy, and legislation begins in talk and ends in talk if it is left to any government. It is a waste of time to ask the tail to wag the dog. If you want to rid drink of the poison of adulteration, appeal to Sir Peter——"

"Oh, come, come, bishop, be fair," said Sir Peter, pleased with the importance with which he was invested. "If there be such adulteration as you say, it is not due to the brewers and distillers but to the retailers."

"I quite believe that," said the bishop, "but the government dare not touch them for fear of displeasing you. When you tell the government to deal as stringently with the man who sells poisonous decoctions as beer and spirits which are neither one nor the other, as the law deals with the fraudulent trader who sells margarine as butter, then there will be some hope of banishing drunkenness. But don't waste time in appealing to that monument of inertia—a government. Appeal to the power behind the throne. Talk to Sir Peter."

The cabinet minister laughed heartily. "This, Sir Peter, is how these Christians give examples of charity. Precept is so easy, but when it comes to practice," and he threw his hands in the air to indicate his inability to find words to express himself.

But the Duchess of Somerton had achieved a signal victory for the badgered cabinet. Sir Peter was very pleased with himself and with the world in general. Even teetotal bishops were not such enemies to the trade as he had believed, and it was impossible to harbor designs of annihilation against a government which so unreservedly admitted that its existence depended on his patronage. Sir Peter did not stop to reflect that the admission had been made in private; and that the cabinet minister who had so readily acquiesced in the humiliation was not authorized to speak for his colleagues.

The duchess glanced over at the little group. Her eyes met those of the cabinet minister, and she knew that Sir Peter Drury was no longer to be feared—much.

Tea was being served now in little cups of fragile china, but some of the men who knew the ropes were passing in and out of a room across the entrance to which draped curtains were looped back. In this retreat they were able to obtain refreshment more to their taste than tea, and if they felt so disposed they might enter yet another room and smoke.

It was all very free-and-easy and informal, but the duchess' guests liked it, and that was all-sufficient justification. Sometimes, too, even ladies tired of tea, and partook of more enlivening refreshment; but that too was positively delightful, it was so homelike and under the aegis of a duchess, too.

Duke Frederic managed to have quite a lengthy chat with the princess and the Duchess of Saxenhagen without saying anything. Again and again he recalled the incident of their meeting at the photographer's that morning, but without admitting that he had discovered the nature of their purchase, or eliciting from the duchess an admission of it.

"I am disappointed," said he at last, "that neither of you were photographed. I should like to have copies as souvenirs of your visit to England."

"But surely, duke, that would have been improper," said the princess. "How could we maintain that we had remained incognito if we had our photographs taken?"

"You need not have given your real names, and if afterwards anyone came across the photographs you could deny it. You could say they were 'doubles.'"

The duchess was slightly disconcerted, but the princess laughed it off gaily.

"Surely, duke, you do not believe in such things."

"I most certainly do. Anyhow it is such an accepted fact that doubles exist that when such a claim is set up it is difficult to dispute it."

It was, however, fencing in armor, and soon the duke gave up the contest.

Shortly afterwards, the princess and duchess, somewhat bored, took their departure.

CHAPTER XI.

Romance in the Studio.

Philip Darrell was working on a high bench at a window in his studio which overlooked Fitzroy Square. He had two illustrations to the serial running in The Magnet to send in by the following morning, and he was building up the hero and heroine on two sheets of millboard with much expenditure of Chinese inks.

As a rule he was very quick at this kind of work, and could rely on himself to turn out the two sketches in about an hour, but on this occasion his hand had lost somewhat of its cunning and perversely refused to reproduce the exact cast of features with which, in the preceding illustrations, he had endowed the heroine of the novel.

This, of course, would not suit the editor. The novelist might make his heroine do things entirely inconsistent with her actions in the opening chapters, and this would pass muster, women are so notoriously unaccountable for their actions; but no author has yet ventured to depict a heroine who could alter her facial appearance in the course of a week or so. True, she might look sad or she might look joyous, and the author might indicate the exact cause, a bad attack of biliousness for instance, might banish her pear-and-rose tinted complexion and replace it by a drawn, sallow-hued skin. Such metamorphoses were within the bounds of possibility, and the author might ring boundless changes on them, but if the artist in the first illustration depicted her with a nez retrousse, a rosebud mouth, and a winningly prominent chin, thus and thus only must she figure in all subsequent illustrations.

Perversely and unaccountably Darrell's pen wandered from the well-known outlines of the Magnet heroine, and called into being a lady who looked curiously unlike her, and curiously enough like the "little Miss Incog" he had met in the Green Park.

With a business-like sense of the fitness of things he endeavored to get away from the accidental likeness, and alter it so as to be an acceptable presentment of the fictive heroine; but it had gone too far for transformation. Then, with a little laugh and a newly replenished pipe, he amused himself by completing a drawing of his interesting and mysterious acquaintance. He completed the drawing carefully, and then looked at it with a puzzled expression.

It had ceased to be "little Miss Incog," and was a very accurate portrait of Miss Minnie Howard.

Darrell was surprised, and the accuracy of the likeness to the princess—which was the portrait he aimed at—was undeniable, but the complete picture suggested his late fiancee rather than his new acquaintance.

"I know what it is," exclaimed Darrell at last. "It is like Minnie because it is cold, inanimate, black and white; it is not like my 'little Miss Incog,' because it is not warm, impulsive, animated flesh and blood."

At this moment a rap on the door diverted his attention, and in answer to his summons to enter, a somewhat slattern maid-of-all-work came into the room.

"There's a Miss Howard, sir, has called to see you. I 'aven't said as 'ow you was in."

"That's right, Lizzie, but ladies rarely have summonses, writs or other nasty disagreeable things. Is the lady anything like that?"

And he showed her the drawing he had just completed.

"Lor, sir, that's her. 'Owever did you do it without a-seeing of 'er?"

"Oh, that's nothing to what Maskelyne can do, Lizzie. But show the lady up. I don't think she likes to be kept waiting."

While the maid was trundling downstairs to conduct the visitor to what Darrell sometimes laughingly called his atelier, he spent a few moments in rather amused introspection. It struck him as curious that he knew of the near approach of Miss Howard without a tremor of excitement, in fact almost with an anticipatory feeling of boredom, and yet he knew well that if it had been the girl who in face and figure, and to some extent even in voice, was her exact counterpart, his pulses would have been throbbing with a feverish joy. Why was it? Why was it? He could not tell, for to him as to all of us, the book of humanity was only open to the extent of the number of leaves on which were recorded our experiences.

It was a long time since he had seen his fiancee or even heard from her, and when she entered he was more surprised at her resemblance to "little Miss Incog" than he had been at the latter's resemblance to her.

"Hello, Philip," said Miss Howard easily, as she entered, and advanced towards him with outstretched hand, "hard at work, as usual, making your fortune."

She shook hands with him without any warmth, but as acquaintances might. Nor was his response any warmer.

"I am not working for the moment," replied Darrell, "nor have I got beyond making my living as yet. The fortune is still in the future. But excuse me for talking about business the moment we meet. I hope you are quite well."

"All right, Sir Philip, sarcastic as usual. But if wee are to be so awfully polite, don't you think you might ask me to sit down?"

"I neve thought you looked on an invitation as necessary."

"Not unless we were so freezingly polite." And Miss Howard, with a light laugh, threw off her fur boa, and sank into a chair with a little tired sigh. "I've been about all the morning and your stairs are a little bit like mountaineering. Well, and now that we've finished snacking, tell me how you have been getting on."

"I've become a member of the Sketch club——"

"Well, that's nothing but beer and Bohemianism——"

"Oh, pardon me; you can get spirits——"

"You ought to know. You're sure to have tried."

"You speak almost as snappishly as if we were married."

"Go on. I'll be good."

"I've also exhibited at the Carfax."

"And not sold?"

"How horribly commercial you are, Minnie! Not to sell is a proof of originality. Anyone can sell imitations of imitations, but you have to create a vogue for original ideas."

"But mightn't something utterly unacceptable be quite new, quite original?"

"I suppose so, but I'm not good at conundrums."

"I'm merely thinking that I shouldn't mind imitating Patti, or Melba, or Tetrazzini. The better I can imitate them, the greater my ability. I can't see why an artist should not strive also to equal the highest achievements in art."

"I don't call singing art. It is no more art than the squeak of a jackdaw. A singer sings, as a crow crows. We don't expect a peacock to try and rearrange his tail. But are is creative——"

"Well, how much have you created, judging your achievements by the box-office criterion?"

"I've been getting on famously. For the first time for years my rent is fully paid up, and I really believe I could 'go on the bust' for a full week without overdrawing my account."

"Is your account really still open?"

"Really and truly. I've been paying everything recently by cheque. It gives one such a sidey appearance with tradespeople."

"What were you doing as I came in?"

Miss Howard rose suddenly and walked sharply across to the bench on which the millboards were lying awaiting the illustrations which were to commence an installment of the serial story to the readers of The Magnet. She picked up the drawing which lay there, and glancing at it gave a little gasp of pleasureable surprise.

"Why, Phil, you've been making a sketch of me."

"Be careful, it's still wet."

"But you didn't know I was in town?"

"No, I had no idea where you were."

"At any rate," and there was a slightly triumphant ring in the tone, "you hadn't forgotten me."

"Lor', no. I've an awfully good memory. I can remembering having the measles, and I was only two years old at the time."

(To be continued.)

MISS HUNTINGTON

BY ROBERT BRACEFIELD

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CHAPTER XXX.

A Sudden Resolution.

The bells of the cathedral clock downstairs were ringing 2 before I roused myself from my dream of love. All dreams must have an end. With prison looming before me, I had more to do than dream of love.

I consoled my dear one as she clung to me tearfully.

"I have only a few hours of the night ahead of me," I said. "Remember, my love, that we are to meet in a few days at Paris, where the law cannot touch me, and where we can make preparations for our wedding."

"But if they should catch you before you get away from England!" she protested.

I drew myself up proudly and she smiled through her tears as she caught the glint from the silver buttons on my rented uniform.

"Catch a Paddington man?" I said, scornfully.

She was grave again in a moment. She held me tightly by the arm and said she would not let me go away, to be caught by the wicked London police and cast into prison, when I had done nothing worse than knock down a cabman and shoot holes into the feet of English constables.

"There is another crime I have committed," I insisted. "I have committed curglary by entering the house of the duke of Bridgeport like a knave, and I have added an unpardonable offense by impersonating a Paddington watchman."

She gave a little gasp at the magnitude of my sins.

"I have done enough to keep me in the tower, or wherever it is they put desperate men, for the rest of my life."

I wasn't quite sure whether it was the tower or Ludgate, or somewhere else that they would take me.

She clung to me all the tighter.

"I need you so much," she faltered. "I have been so unhappy—without yo. You must not leave me—in the power of the duke."

This was a new aspect to the situation. Was she afraid of the duke, too, now that she had rejected him.

"The scoundrel!" I hissed. "If he dared to hurt a hair of your head, I would strike him down like a dog."

"But if you were not here, Edward, how could you?" she asked, pleadingly.

It seemed strange to have her speak my first name. I kissed her for it. My transport, nevertheless, was deadened by this fresh anxiety. Her logic was indisputable. How could I protect her from the wrath of the duke if I were absent? And how could I protect her if I were to stay? Present or absent, in London or out of it, I would be equally useless to her.

My despair must have shown on my face, for she reached up and tried to smooth out the wrinkles.

"I am getting you into worse trouble all the time," she said. "I am a selfish girl, thinking only of myself. My fears of the duke are only imaginary, I suppose. Up to the other day I thought him a noble-minded man, who admired me for myself, not for my money. I could not have married him—never! but I could have respected him, and I loved his daughter. Now I hate him. I shall go away from here tomorrow. I hope I shall never see him again."

She put her face on my coat sleeve and cried softly for a moment.

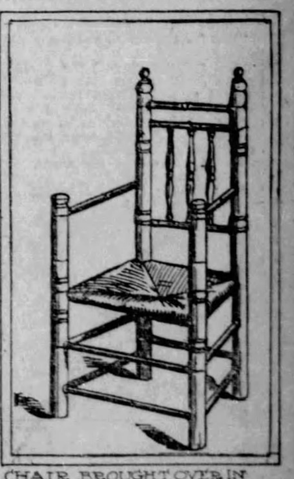
Money, after all, is of so little consequence! In the old days—how commonplace they were—when I was trying law suits in Chicago, I had looked on wealth as most people do. I had thought the possessors of it independent personages, who could laugh at the common troubles that befell the world. But now, with this dear girl clinging to me, and sobbing on my arm, I realized how much alone she was in the world, and how her money, instead of protecting her, exposed her.

I rebelled inwardly at my own impotence. My anger toward the duke of Bridgeport, kindled afresh by the sorrows of Miss Huntington, grew to fierce proportions.

"Before I leave this house," I declared, rashly. "I will seek out the blackguard! In the eyes of the law I

THINGS QUAINT AND CURIOUS

The ordinary articles of every day life frequently convey a correct idea of the habits and tastes of whole communities long since passed away. This chair was part of the goods and chattels of John Carver, one of the chief spirits of the devoted band of Pilgrim Fathers, and their chosen governor. It is illustrative of the simplicity of taste



CHAIR BROUGHT OVER IN THE MAYFLOWER.

of the devoted and fearless men who left their country in search of "freedom to worship God" in an unknown land, and pity it was that John Carver should have died in the year following his election.

The chair is carefully preserved in "Pilgrim Hall," Plymouth, and the above sketch is an exact copy of the eloquent relic, which should be an object lesson to the thoughtful.

am a criminal anyway. I might as well do something really worth the doing before I go."

At this outburst Miss Huntington clung to me the closer.

"No, no," she cried. "They would kill you!"

I cooled off instantly.

"Of course, I did not mean it," I answered her. "Richly as the duke deserves it, I would not stain my hands by touching him, unless in self-defense."

She looked up, gratefully through a mist of tears.

"I will let you go now," she said, chokingly. "I must not stand in the way of your safety any longer. In a few hours it will be daylight and you must hasten if you are to be out of London before the sun gets up."

She released her hold on my arm—the brave girl—and moved back a step, raising her face for a last caress. I took her in my arms again.

"I shall pray every hour for your safety," she murmured. "The minutes will seem years until I get your cablegram—that you are safe where they can not touch you. Then I shall fly to you, as swiftly as the wind!"

Ah! what happiness to have the love of such a girl! How a devotion like hers will cheer a man in dark hours, when peril hovers over him and the world looks black!

"Alice," I whispered, as I held her, a quick resolve firing every fibre of my being, " I will not leave you to the mercies of the Duke of Bridgeport. I will not trust him any more than I would trust the count."

I felt her form contract convulsively at my words. Her eyes sought mine in silent inquiry.

"You shall go with me!" I said. "Together we will leave London this very night."

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Duke Comes Listening.

The tears dried quickly, and Miss Huntington's eyes grew bright with the fires of eager excitement.

"Oh!" she cried, "can you really take me?"

"Yes," said I, wondering how I could have contemplated going without her. Surely, what more logical thing could there be now than an elopement? The duke had shown his hand and revealed his true character. Miss Huntington had rejected his suit, and if he should discover that I had been in Leyburn house there was no telling what form his revenge might take upon the innocent guest he had in his power.

"Make your preparations as hastily as possible," I added.

Her face lighted with a smile that was like a flash of sunlight.

"I shall take but a minute," she said. "Now that I am going with you, Edward, all motive for delay is ended. How silly of us to sit here and waste two precious hours, and not think of it before!"

She was gone, lightly and silently, like a fairy, to make her preparations. A woman's minute, I knew, was likely to be stretched, and I paced the floor with nervous steps, formulating in my mind a plan for leaving Leyburn house. A lawsuit may be calculated to sharpen a man's wits, but such adventures as were now befalling me had brightened up the dull edges of my brain better than all the lawsuits I had tried.

I verily believe Miss Huntington was back inside the sixty seconds she had herself prescribed. She carried only a small package under her arm.

"I have not kept you long, have I?" she whispered, proudly.

"My sisters, on such an occasion, would have taken at least half an hour," I answered.

I made her go back, however, and get a wrap and hood.

"The night fog is heavy," I said. "It would wet you through. Besides, who knows what we may encounter before we get on foreign soil?"

She went reluctantly. While she was gone I heard a door slam downstairs, and it startled me immediately. The house had been so quiet that the sound came with the suddenness of an explosion.

Stepping into the hall from Miss Huntington's sitting room, I listened. Faintly I heard shuffling footsteps, and in a minute the duke, in dressing gown and slippers, came up the stairs. I had barely time to step quickly into the room again and turn out the gas.

When the duke met me I was pacing slowly in the brightest part of the corridor. There was a gasjet back of me, and I knew that the rays would be in his face.

"Has anyone been astir?" he asked me.

I could see him distinctly enough, but I knew, by the way he squinted, that my features were concealed in the shadow.

"No," said I, speaking in a false tone, "not that Hi 'ave seen, y'r 'ighness."

"I have been awake for an hour. I was sure I heard voices," he returned, doubtfully.

"Per'aps," I confessed. "Hi might 'a been 'ummin' a song or two to w'ile away the night."

I saw the angry blood shoot into his face.

"Is that the way you Paddington men are taught? I shall report you in the morning! You are a fool!"

His voice was keyed to a wrathful pitch.

"Hi'm very sorry, y'r 'ighness," I assured him.

"Then have a care for the future! If I am disturbed again by your idiotic ditties, you shall lose your place."

"Yes, sir," I answered, meekly.

How I itched to administer the punishment he deserved! Nevertheless, I was thankful to have had warning of his coming.

I heard him pass down the corridors, after he had disappeared, and my heart stood still, lest he discover Miss Huntington. I stood in the most intolerable anxiety for an age, it seemed, waiting for some signal from her. The house had become deathly still again, but presently a far-away door closed sharply.

Unable to bear inaction longer, I walked softly in the direction of her boudoir. I was not sure of her door, but as I tipped in the gloom she suddenly stepped from a darkened embrasure and confronted me.

"Is he gone?" she whispered.

"Yes," I answered, with a great relief.

"I dared not move," she said. "He listened, oh! for so long at my door, while I stood huddled here, so close that he could have touched me. In my fright it seemed as if my heart would stop. I could hear his breath as he listened—ugh!"

She shuddered in my arms.

"The danger is over," I assured her. "He has returned to his apartments. The field is clear."

In my own mind I was far from satisfied that the field was, indeed, clear. I had got into the house easily enough, but to get out of it, in the middle of the night and with Miss Huntington, was a different proposition. Had I been alone I could have managed it, but how was I to take the girl away?

The urgency of the case would admit of no longer waiting. The duke might return, suffering, no doubt, with insomnia and perhaps the weight of an over-loaded conscience. His suspicions had been aroused, however vaguely. He would be unlikely to sleep again that night. At all events, I could not wait for slumber to take hold of him. The night was too far spent already. The hounds, I knew, were circling for my tracks.

"Come!" I said, "the moment is propitious."

She clung to my arm as we went down the grand stairway, whispering to me:

"Nothing now, can separate us."

"Nothing," I murmured in her ear, "nothing—but death!"

"Nor death," she answered.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Fleeing From the Hounds.

There was an imposing vestibule through which we had to go to reach the front door of Leyburn house, and it was there that we encountered the Paddington man whose scrutiny we had to pass in order to get out. When we first saw him he was asleep in a comfortable cushioned seat, with his head in a corner and his mouth open.

If I could have got the door open, we would not have troubled the sleeping Paddington, but, discovering it to be locked and the key gone, I walked boldly to the sleeper and shook him by the shoulder.

"Hit's welly enough for you that Hi'm not Murphy," I said as he scrambled to his feet. "Hi want the key."

He rubbed his eyes, looked at his watch, and gazed from me to Miss Huntington, and back again.

"Don't you see the lady's wantin' to get hout?" I said, sharply. "Were's the key?"

He took it from his pocket, doubtfully, seeming to hesitate between respect for Miss Huntington and uncertainty about his duty.

"If you'd been awake," I said, "you'd 'a' 'eard the telephone. The lady's been sent for, to go to St. Thomas' 'ospital, quick, to see 'er dyin' brother. The duke's detailed me to go with 'er, 'is gout 'avin took 'im bad in the night."

The Paddington man was convinced and without much ado opened the door for us.

Outside we had another watchman to pass, but he took our exit more on faith. The sight of Miss Huntington going voluntarily down the steps, while I held the gate for her, was not calculated to arouse suspicion.

"There's no carriage 'ere," he said, "'Ave you ordered one?"

"Hit's slow comin' in the fog," I answered. "Hit'll be 'ere presently."

The mist swallowed us by the time we were on the curb.

"We'll walk along a bit," I said, "an' meet the cab."

I took her by the arm and we crossed the road. Behind us, in front of us, all around us, was the black London mist. We might have been in the clouds. As for me, I was in the clouds. The thing had come to pass of which I had not dared to dream. The prize was mine. The towering pinnacle of rock had been scaled, the castle taken, and the trophy borne away. Miss Huntington belonged to me, and to me alone. By the sacred troth we had plighted, I had the God-given right to claim her, to protect her, to defend her, against man or devil.

"Heaven must have willed it," she said, as we quickened our steps down Dudley street, toward Piccadilly.

We talked little as we walked, for the business that lay ahead held unknown perils that sobered us. It was too early to exult. We had escaped the duke, but graver dangers remained to be surmounted. And yet, with Alice Huntington beside me, no hazard was too great to take; no foe appalled me. For her sweet sake I could have faced, undaunted, damnation eternal.

In Piccadilly I hailed a cab. I told the cabby that the lady was an artitst, going to Covent Garden market to sketch the early morning scenes. London seemed uninhabited, as we rode through the fog, but I reflected that, in a couple of hours, the great town would begin to wake from its restless dreams and take up anew the burden of its life. It was already close onto 3 o'clock.

Miss Huntington was very quiet as I sat with my arm about her.

"For your sake," she said, "it would have been better if I had let you go alone. I have tied you down with a load of helpless femininity. I have been very, very selfish again."

"You are not sorry, for your own sake?" I asked apprehensively.

She nestled closer to me, murmuring:

"I am happier than I have been—in all my life."

"Then have no regrets for me. Instead of being an impediment to my escape, you are going to help me."

"I help you?" she asked, eagerly. "Oh, if I could!"

"You shall; wait and see."

She had not long to wait. We must have been somewhere in the vicinity of Long Acre, when we heard a gruff voice ahead say:

"Hold up, there! Hi, there!"

Our cab stopped abruptly.

It was so dark in the street, despite the public lamps, that I could distinguish nothing when I put my head out of the window. I felt Miss Huntington clutch me in impetuous alarm.

"It's nothing," I assured her, "except some vehicle in the way."

I was mistaken, for in a few seconds a man's form appeared at the cab window, and, in a twinkling, the dazzling glare of a dark-lantern flashed in Miss Huntington's face and mine. It was so bright and sudden that it blinded us.

"Who are you?" a voice demanded imperiously.

"Who are you, first?" I retorted, while Miss Huntington, in fright, half covered her face.

For reply, he displayed a badge on his waistcoat. I would not undertake to say what sort of officer he was, but whatever he was, he had authority.

"All right!" I said, with meekness. "Hi am a Paddington man, as you see, an' this lady 'ere, is an artist, goin —"

He dropped his dark-lantern as abruptly as he had turned it on us.

"Go along with you," he said, in a patronizing tone. "I'm not looking for Paddington men, nor ladies. We're out after an American who shot off the little toe of one of our hofficers tonight, and plowed a furrow in the heel of another. 'Ere's the description; if you get your eyes on 'im, nail 'im."

He handed me a circular, in a moment more we had left him behind. Miss Huntington was breathing fast with excitement. I could hear her breath coming in little gasps.

"You have been my salvation, Alice," I said, fervently thankful for the escape. "Except for you, I might not have gone through the inspection so easily."

"Yes," she insisted, laughing despite her fears, "you would pass muster as a cockney, Edward, with or without me."

Soon afterward we reached Covent Garden market, where already carts and wagons were in seemingly a hopeless tangle, unloading stacks of fruits and mountains of vegetables and flowers. Miss Huntington had thought South Water street, in Chicago, rather worth seeing, but she confessed that Covent Garden put it far in the shade.

We had no time for more than passing glances at the busy scenes about us, for we had come to Covent market in pursuance of a plan. It did not take me long to make a bargain with the driver of a one-horse cart about to start for an Essex farm, some twenty miles from London. He would carry us, he said, with curiosity, provided we would put up with the accommodations. The railroad, he thought, would be better.

He was a stupid fellow, and I told him that what the lady wanted was the ride through the country in a farmer's cart—she could ride on a railroad any day. She was a sociologist, I explained.

Of course, he hadn't the slightest idea what a sociologist was, but the sight of a sovereign was sufficient, and he asked no more questions.

I made the seat as comfortable as I could for her, contenting myself with the floor. The sides of the cart were high enough to conceal me from persons walking in the street, and after my brush with the officer a little while before, I deemed this prudence necessary. My only regret was that Miss Huntington was not close behind me.

Our driver puttered about Covent Garden so long that the first streaks of dawn were breaking through the night before we started, and it brought a sigh of relief, at last, to feel the wheels rattling beneath me. After we got away from the center of London we went out Whitechapel road, and on through miles of suburbs to the open country.

It was with a growing sense of triumph that I saw the field and meadows of Essex, as the fog gradually lifted. How easy, I thought, to elude the whole London police force! While a multitude of shrewd minions of the law had scoured the city for me during the night I had stolen Miss Huntington and taken her with me, boldly, out of London. And yet, I was more uneasy now, than I had been in the city. A man in London is only one of millions. In the country his identity is not confused with the great conglomeration. In London, too, my Paddington uniform had been a shield. Here it made me conspicuous. I could only guess how long it would take the Duke of Bridgeport to discover our elopement and the means I had employed to accomplish it. Once discovered, I would continue to wear the uniform at imminent peril. I had not the slightest doubt he would set all the police machinery of the British government at work to effect my capture.

It was past 9 o'clock when we reached the end of the first stage of our flight. The housewife's breakfast was very welcome, plain though it was. I lost no time, after we had eaten, in bargaining for such clothes as I could obtain, and although the fit was far from good and the quality quite on a par, I was glad enough to get anything to take the place of my Paddington suit.

The farmer and his wife had grown suspicious of us, but an extra sovereign silenced them. They had no horse and vehicle to spare, but we could hire one, they thought, half a mile up the road. We went afoot, through a shady lane. Every vestige of the fog was gone and the morning was ideal. To have been in such a spot with Miss Huntington under different circumstances would have been a delight indeed. What a contrast was all that rural peace and serenity to the tumult I had been through—or to the daredevil things that were yet to come! That walk through the tranquil lane, with its leaves whispering to us of love, and the brook beside it playing soft music for us, seems to me, now, like an oasis in a vast desert of fierce passions and endeavors.

Scarcely had we reached the settlement whence we had been sent than we got news that filled us with dire forebodings. Small as the place was, it had a telegraph office, and word had come flashing from London that the American heiress and beauty, Alice Huntington, had eloped from the house of the Duke of Bridgeport in the middle of the night with a desperate criminal from the United States, who was already wanted for robbery and for shooting two of the officers who had tried to take him.

"Look out for the couple," read the bulletin that was posted on the door of the inn. "Burton wears the Paddington uniform. He is a dangerous man and will shoot on slight provocation. A reward of 200 pounds will be paid for information leading to his capture and that of the girl. She is wanted for aiding his escape.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

An Automobile.

I feared Miss Huntington would faint as we stood together, and glanced over the fateful bulletin. Her trembling hand sought my arm.

"Courage!" I whispered. "The bulletin is right in one respect. If undying love can make a man desperate, then I am desperate—desperate enough to bear you away, my sweet one, though bloodhounds and devils may pursue us."

The absence of the uniform threw the rustics off the track. At the stable of the inn I rented a dilapidated vehicle, making a deposit of five pounds. A few questions put me on the right road—the most direct road to the coast, still two score miles away. Inwardly I trembled at the perils that lay within those 40 miles.

Miss Huntington rallied from her momentary weakness and bore herself like the brave girl that she was. She, too, was sustained by that matchless tonic, love, for women, like men, may feel its pleasant pulse. It fills me with happiness to think that Alice Huntington's love for me was strong and constant in our dangers. For me, she faced death itself. For me, she stood dauntless and heroic, repeating her declaration that what God had joined together, no man should part.

It was well along in the afternoon before we had an intimation that our trail had been found. I had been expecting it, for I did not doubt that the farmer who had brought us out of London would lay claim to the reward.

We had stopped at a farm house for a hasty luncheon, for, dangerous as it was, I dared not put too heavy a burden on Miss Huntington's powers of endurance. There was no telling what test she might be put to yet. While we were still sitting at the kitchen table, where our lunch had been set for us, we heard the whir of an approaching automobile, and presently the car went by in a cloud of dust.

I glanced at Miss Huntington. She was pale, but composed. I perceived that she had seen what I had—the duke of Bridgeport himself! Accompanying the duke in the automobile had been half a dozen men—officers and detectives, I had no doubt, whom he was scattering about the country in the search for us. There were a dozen roads that led to the Essex coast from the vicinity of London, any one of which we might have taken. It was evident that the hounds on our track had not really got the scent. The duke was throwing out cordons to hem us in, wherever we might be.

I paid for our refreshments and we took our departure, as if nothing had occurred. There was a tremor in Miss Huntington's arm as I helped her into our conveyance, but she turned a smiling face to our farmer hosts and bade them good-bye.

"The dogs are close," I said, when we were out of the farmyard.

She looked up into my eyes, her face colorless, but her gaze clear and steady. There was a question in her glance. What were we to do? her eyes asked me.

It was a hard question to answer. To go on was to invite certain capture. To turn back would be still worse. To remain where we were had nothing to commend it. To ask our farmer friends to hide us was a course that suggested itself, but not for long. To be sure, I could pay them more than the 200 pounds offered as a reward, but even could I prevail on them to undertake so hazardous a thing, they could not conceal us more than temporarily. Besides, I could not trust them—I would not! They would take my money and the reward as well.

"There is but one thing to do," I answered. "We must abandon our vehicle and strike off afoot over the hills. We can not be more than 20 miles from the coast. Night will be here ere long."

I glanced at the horizon back of us. There were heavy banks of clouds piling up, like a range of forbidding mountains.

"It will be dark early," I added, "and it will be very dark. The moon is young, and the stars will be hidden. For us, it can not be too dark."

Just then the sun burst for a single instant from the western pall and shone into the face of Miss Huntington, who had turned, as I had, to look at the sky.

"It is a message for us from heaven," she answered, smiling wearily. "Oh! Edward, they will not find us, will they?"

It was vain boasting, indeed. How could they help but find us, with 20 miles of hills intervening between us and the sea, and the duke of Bridgeport setting down his bloodhounds all about us? Alone, I might elude them, yet I had no regret that she was with me. Regret! Ah! no. I gloried in her being there. The touch of her hand on my arm inspired me with intrepid courage. The light in her dear eyes was to me life itself.

"Come," I said; "we have liberty ahead."

I drove the horse into a copse, as far as I could and helped Miss Huntington to the ground. Then I unharnessed the jaded animal and tied him to a tree.

We struck off through the woods, straight for the east, as near as I could reckon it, climbing a rugged slope where cattle were pasturing. That Miss Huntington was very close to exhaustion I knew well enough, and we moved at the pace of a child. It seemed a hopeless thing to think of reaching the coast on foot, with the poor girl already worn with fatigue and anxiety, and sorely in need of sleep, but there was nothing to do but go on, and on, and on, as long as we could. My heart went out to her as I saw how bravely she kept up her courage and strength. She protested, even when I made her sit down to rest.

It was a rough, sparsely settled part of Essex, and though we saw farm houses here and there as we went along, we had little trouble in keeping away from them. We followed lanes and cattle trails through the woods, but sometimes we had thickets to penetrate and brooks to wade. I carried Alice over them, refusing to let her ford the streams herself. Once coming to a river of some proportions, I waded to my armpits and got a boat that was moored to the opposite bank. I took good care, however, to hold my pistol and ammunition above the water, for I knew not what minute I might stand in need of these military stores.

We had been perhaps two hours on foot when we came to a public highway of importance. It was well traveled and led straight away in a white line of crushed stone.

"Ah!" said I, as we paused before crossing it, "this is indeed a magnificent roadway. If we had the duke's automobile, we could make 40 miles an hour over it easily. What a pity the car isn't ours instead of his!"

Poor Alice! I was sorry I had spoken, for the wistful look that came into her eyes grieved me deeply. She was trembling with weakness, and I knew that her unaccustomed feet were blistered.

I had not more than spoken when my ears caught a familiar humming noise.

"Hark!" I said.

We stood listening. The sound grew in volume. We were on an eminence, and far in the distance a speck of dust showed moving rapidly down a hill.

"Come back!" cried Miss Huntington, in alarm. "Back, Edward; oh, come back."

I had been in the road gazing toward the automobile. In response to her appeal, I stepped back to the clump of trees, where she stood.

"Do you recognize it?" I asked.

"Yes—the duke's!" she gasped.

"In three minutes it will be ours," I said.

My blood was bounding with the force of a desperate resolution, instantly taken. She gazed at me wildly.

"You are not able to proceed further on foot," I went on hurriedly, for the chug-chug of the automobile was growing more distinct every second. "To remain without shelter or food tonight would be suicidal, and to seek accommodations would be to invite speedy capture. Our foes are closing in upon us, surely and rapidly. We can almost hear the panting of the hounds on our trail. I am going to do it, Alice. I must! See! there are two men only in the automobile—the duke and his chauffeur."

I feared she would forbid me. I should have obeyed her if she had. I would have done whatever she told me—fall back to cover, or face Satan himself. She, and she alone, was my inspiration.

Her beauty was transcendant as she said, simply:

"Heaven be with you—my own!"

What deeds men will do with such words ringing in their ears!

(Concluded Next Week.)

Too Much Spirit.

Puck.

"Is there much public spirit in this town?" asked the city boarder of Si Clover, when that worthy was taking him from the railroad station out to the Clovertop farm.

"Much what?"

"Public spirit. That is, does the town try to keep up with the times in the improvements? Is it progressive?"

"Wall, I reckon you'd thought so if you'd been to our last town meetin' an' saw how they voted away the taxpayers' money, by heck! Voted to have the floor o' the bridge over Goose Crik all ripped up an' a new one laid at the cost of a good sixty dollars. Then they voted to spend forty-five dollars repairin' the town hoss-sheds that don't leak none to hurt. An' as if that wa'n't outrage enough they voted to spend twelve dollars an' sixty cents for a new town pump an' six dollars an' a quarter to have the door o' the town-hall painted an' a new knob an' new hinges put on it. If there hadn't happened to be enough of us farmers there to vote it down they'd 'a' wasted fifty dollars o' the taxpayers' money fixin' up the sidewalks an' ten dollars more for two new kurosine lamps for the streets. I reckon if you paid taxes here you'd think there was a little mite more public sperrit than you wanted when you had to ram your hand down into your jeans and help pay for it, by heck!"

THINGS QUAINT AND CURIOUS

The iron crown of Italy was the ancient diadem of the Lombardian kings, which in 1859 was removed by the Austrians to Mantua and is now in Vienna.

The outer part of the crown consists of a golden hoop, adorned with precious stones and enameled flowers; within the gold is a thin plate or filet of iron, which is described by tradition to have been hammered from one of the nails of the true cross.

When Napoleon I. was elected king of Italy, in 1805, he sacrilegiously removed the relic from the Monza treasure

IRON CROWN OF ITALY

house and with it crowned himself, disdaining to receive it from the hands of the bishop.

At the same time he founded an order of knighthood, taking its name from the Iron Crown. The reigning kings of Italy alone were to be commanders of the order. The badge was the Iron Crown, around the rim of which was the motto, "God gave it to me; woe to him who takes it"—the words used by Napoleon when placing it upon his head.

The order was forgotten after the fall of Napoleon I., but was restored and remodeled in 1816 by Francis I. of Austria and called the Order of the Austrian Iron Crown.

RECOVER KING'S BELL

Korean Gift Centuries in Sea Now Rings Again.

New York Sun.

A great Korean bell which for 700 years had been lying 20 fathoms below the waves off the shore of Chickuzen province, Japan, has just been raised through the efforts of a Japanese antiquarian and now, crusted as it is with the sea waste of centuries, it stands on exhibition at Kanegasaki.

According to tradition, which is only partially borne out by ancient documents, the King of Korea decided seven centuries ago that he would send a fitting token of his respect to Kiyomori, the powerful leader of the Heike clan, on the west coast of the southern island of Kiushiu. He ordered the royal bell founders, many and expert in those days, to cast a bell.

The dimensions were to be these: In height, one jo, six shaku; in diameter, eight shaku, nine sun; and a circumference of two jo, eight shaku, seven sun. Tradition says it was a great bell, and in the absence of translated proportions tradition must rule in the abstract in this particular.

The bell was successfully cast and was loaded on a mammoth junk at the Korean town of Moanpeo. The junk and a fleet of convoys sailed for the coast of Chikuzen in Japan, when all of the royal augurs had agreed upon an auspicious day. The augurs were not up in their business, for about half a mile off the Japanese haven a heavy sea tipped the junk and the gift of the Korean king plunged into the sea.

No attempt was made either by the emissaries of the king or the retainers or the Prince of Heike to fish for the bell. Within a hundred years the descendants of the prince were crossing over the sunken bell in war forays against the kings of Korea and the junks of Korea ravaging the coasts of Kiushiu.

But among the folks of the Japanese island there sprang up legends and rainy night tales about the sunken bell of the Korean King. When the sea raged the fishermen declared they could hear the booming of the great bronze cup on the sea's bed, and in time of earthquakes the sea folk along the shore listened to hear the mad tolling of the bell, which they were sure would sound the signal for a tidal wave.

Last year it was that Yamamoto Kikutaro, a man of wealth of the province and devoted to the collection of ancient art objects, began to search for the ancient bell. Through the fishermen he succeeded in locating it after long effort, and last month divers raised it to the surface.

The bell has been cleaned of its corroding mass of barnacles and found to be still whole. It will soon be taken to Kyoto, there to be hung in the Hongwanji temple.

An Item of the Future.

Chicago Record-Herald.

A reckless aviator, who is said by a number of eyewitnesses to have been greatly exceeding the speed limit, ran the end of his aeroplane through a large plate glass window in the 67th story of the Cloudland building yesterday afternoon and seriously injured Miss Bertha Dallington, who happened to be sitting near the window when the crush occurred. Hastily backing away, the operator of the flying machine succeeded in escaping, but not before several people had noticed his number, which was 2,467. It is known by the city records that this is the number attached to a machine belonging to Henry H. Hodge, the millionaire popular song writer, but it was explained by him that he supposed his flyer was safely anchored at Watson's aviating station, where it is always kept when not in use. At the station it was said that the machine had been taken away by a man who had not mentioned his name, an irresponsible attendant having rented it to him because all the machines that were kept for hire happened to be out when he called. Al H. Wingfield, manager of the station, declared he was sorry the accident had occurred.

Telephones and Truthfulness.

Philadelphia Record.

"Have you ever noticed what a bad influence the telephone has had on the morals of the people?" queried a clubman of some friends. Being given a little encouragement, he went on: "It is strange, but true, that some people who otherwise are scrupulously truthful become absolute liars when they take the telephone receiver into their hands, and as yet I haven't been able to study out a good reason for it. Listen to your friends, your family, or yourself, when conversing over the wire, and see how fluently everything but the truth is told. How easy it is to announce that you are just going over to luncheon, when the fact is you have just returned. And again how many headaches, toothaches and faceaches that never existed are reported in such conversations. To the fluently, readily, and without compunction is a trait of the habitual telephone user, and I for one distrust most of the messages I receive that way. Now, the point of investigation should be, 'How much does such inexactitude affect the morals of a community?' To show the telephone is to blame, and when I get married there won't be any in my house, no matter how much I need it to explain why I can't come home to dinner. I want to know my wife's telling me the truth when she says she's coming downtown to lunch with me. I don't want to have my pocketbook and wonder if it's a shopping trip she is thinking about."

Helen Keller Wins.

New York Sun.

American Braille will be the type used in teaching the blind pupils in the public schools when instruction for the blind is started next September.

Chairman Stern, of the elementary schools committee, which held a public hearing in the matter a few weeks ago, said yesterday that the committee was not ready to announce its decision, but he was confident the majority of the members favored the Braille type as an improvement over New York point.

The Baille type is advocated by Helen Keller.

Oh, What a Difference

Puck.

Mr. Townington (showing his guests the sights)—Here comes Indigo. He's one of our most prosperous painters—

The Guests.—Oh, how interesting! How quaint these artists dress! Such marks of genius! See how the artistic temperament stands out all over him! Some people might call his dress affectation, but to me it simply is the unconscious expression of a great personality, etc., etc.

Mr. Townington (showing signs of vertigo)—Yes, as I was saying, he's one of our most prosperous painters and paper-hangers. He did over our back parlor last fall and—

The guests.—Don't it beat the deuce what apes some of these tradesmen make of themselves!

FOUND OUT

A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee, a nurse of Wilkes Barre, Pa., writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion.

"While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum, for they drank it altogether in place of ordinary coffee. After using Postum two weeks I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion.

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used.

"I observe a curious fact about Postum used among mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness.

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. They most always serve it before it has been boiled long enough. It should be boiled 15 or 20 minutes after boiling begins and served with cream, then it is certainly a delicious beverage."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have a French poodle pup, and know nothing about feeding or caring for him. Would be pleased to have somebody, through the Farmstead columns of The Blade, enlighten me?—Miss M., Clay, W. Va.

TREATMENT FOR TREES

M., Somerset, Pa.: Go after your trees with anything that will scrape the old bark off, and it will do them good. That is the way I do it. When you get this done dig, and put a little salt around the trunk. Salt is excellent to put around peach trees the first of June and the first of August. Dig away the dirt to the depth of one inch, and then sprinkle the salt. The same treatment is good for quinces.—E., Woodsfield, O.

THE CHERRY TREES

W., North Clymer, N. Y.: Drive a number of rusty nails in the trunks of your cherry trees. This method worked all right on apple trees, and why not on peaches?—E., Woodsfield, O.

P. S.—Someone please tell me what will will kill canker worm in a dog's ear.—E., Woodsfield, O.

GINSENG

Responding to the inquiry about ginseng will say that I have been experimenting with it about eighteen years, and am still learning. As I delight in overcoming difficulties, the assertion by numerous experimenters that it could not be domesticated, made it a proper subject for my investigation. The whole thing in a nutshell is, knowing how; and this may now be learned by beginners from those who have gone through the mill. Reports from such having been secured by the Department of Agriculture at Washington, anyone can obtain them free for the asking. In addition to the instructions contained in these agricultural bulletins, experience is a necessity. As there is quite a difference in value between the cultivated and wild root—the wild bringing about 20 per cent more in price than the cultivated—I am now trying the experiment of growing it wild. That it will make one rich in a few years, as some sellers of plants and seeds try to make people believe, is not true. That it will become a veritable gold mine in the course of time to him who will persevere, is true. This requires a stock of patience that but few people possess; and as the wild root is about exterminated by hunters and but few are growing it, the supply is constantly decreasing and the price soaring.—H. W., Hanover, Ill.

NON-BEARING TREES

I notice in the Farmstead questions for answer, that W. would be pleased to learn what will make his two cherry trees bear cherries. If he will take the earth away carefully around the trees to a depth of 3 to 5 inches and put around each tree ½ lb. of flour of sulphur and put the earth back in place again, he will have all the cherries next year he could wish for. The sulphur should be put around the trees in the fall, after the leaves have fallen. The sulphur treatment for non-bearing cherries has been thoroughly tested here and I have the first person to hear say that it does not work.—P., Alliance, O.

CARE OF GOSLINGS

The goslings should have a run in which there are a number of trees. With this should be a plenty of clean water, a liberal amount of green tender grass, and little grain. When these are arranged ample provision is made for the future of the goslings. It is not necessary to have a hen for these little birds. After the first three weeks they are generally able to look out for themselves if they are confined in a run. The orchard, if it is fenced poultry tight, is usually an ideal place to raise them. There they have an abundance of grass and shade and also partake of enough of the falling fruit to keep themselves in proper health. It is a mistake to think that it is necessary to have a pond or some place where young geese can swim. Many extensive growers have had excellent success raising them in a dry lot and providing only enough water to sprinkle the litter. Do not feed too much grain. Coarse, cracked corn, two parts and wheat screenings, one part fed dry with enough water ever present so they can partake when they desire, makes the ideal grain ration for the gosling. As said before, this should be supplemented with an abundance of green grass. The goose is the heaviest grass eater there is among all domestic fowls. It requires grass to keep its digestion in condition, and if this is denied it will not be long before the bird becomes ill.

BEES IN MASSACHUSETTS

The United States department of agriculture has issued a bulletin on bee keeping in Massachusetts which is of historic as well as practical interest. Bees were unknown to the Indians, but they were brought over from England only a few years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. It was more than two centuries, however, before modern bee keeping began, the modern development dating from the invention of the movable-frame hive by Langstroth in 1852.

As a rule the bee keepers of Massachusetts do not have extensive apiaries, only two reporting over 100 colonies. In the spring of 1906, the average for the state was less than 6 colonies. In that year the reported honey crop was the greatest on record, being nearly 73 tons. As a good many bee keepers failed to report, the total crop was probably not less than 80 tons. Mr. Burton N. Gates, the author of this bulletin, says: "The honey production of the state is little more than one-tenth what it might be. Massachusetts can support 40,000 colonies. This number, producing an average of 35 pounds of honey per colony, would supply 700 tons." This crop divided among the whole population of the state would give less than half a pound per head, while the present yield only supplies about a tablespoonful of honey per capita.

Among the plants from which the bees gather nectar, white clover takes the lead, but other clovers, golden rod, asters, fruit trees and many other plants are utilized.

The Italian race of bees predominates, and is most popular. The German or black bees still persist, however, but in very few cases are they found pure. Several of the newly introduced races are now on trial.

Probably 25 per cent of the Massachusetts bee keepers are still using old-fashioned hives of the "box" pattern, long since abandoned by progressive apiarists. The movable-frame hive, which enables the bee keeper to deal successfully with the bee moth, has generally displaced all other styles.

One interesting feature of the bee business in Massachusetts is the use of bees in the greenhouses where cucumbers are produced. Their work on the blossoms "sets the crop." It is estimated that considerably more than 1,000 colonies of bees are used for this purpose in a year. As the bees can secure very little nectar from cucumber blossoms, the colonies become weakened and either die or become a prey to moths.

The author discusses the diseases and enemies of bees. He advises keeping bees in the cellar during winter.

EGG PRODUCING FEEDS

There is such a thing as feeding for muscles and fat, for general thrift and for bone, but none are more important than the ration which supplies the egg producing elements. To make eggs shells the hen must have access to linseed meal, bran and middlings. She must also have plenty of grit and sand.

There is but a fraction over one and one-half pounds of mineral matter in 100 pounds of corn and wheat, but wheat middlings contain nearly two and one-half pounds, while linseed meal contains about six pounds.

It is not difficult to understand the advantage of using bran, middlings and linseed meal as an addition to the many foods which are deficient in mineral matter. In 100 pounds of clover hay there are about seven pounds of mineral matter, which makes the use of clover hay for poultry in winter a matter which should not be overlooked.

SAVING STORM FELLED TREES

Experts of the department of agriculture have been studying the work of insects in storm-felled pine in the south, especially the work of the borer known to lumbermen as the "sawyer." The results should be of immediate interest to owners of timber felled or damaged by recent storms in the southern states.

It has been found that the sawyer begins work in the bark of felled trees very promptly, and that it reduces the value of the timber about one-third within two months, a reduction which represents many millions of dollars annually.

This loss may be largely prevented by prompt action on the part of the timber owners. As soon as possible after a destructive storm an estimate should be made of the amount of felled timber that can be converted into lumber before the sawyers begin to enter the wood. Trees that can not be worked up with little delay can be protected in either of two ways: (1) The bark may be removed from the trunks, or (2) the logs may be cut without removing the bark and placed in streams or ponds. The sawyers will do practically no damage to timber from which the bark is removed within a month after their attack begins. In case of logs placed in water, they will continue their work only in the parts which are not completely submerged.

To timber felled in winter or early spring the methods recommended should be applied by May 1 for best results. Timber felled during the summer should be worked up, or have the bark removed, or be placed in water within one month after the sawyers begin to work in the bark.

OBTAINING FERTILE EGGS

Nearly every poultry raiser finds the problem confronting him constantly. It is unreasonable, of course, to expect every egg to be fertile, but the percentage of infertile ones often becomes so large as to make poultry raising rather vexatious, if not at times unprofitable, says the Northwestern Agriculturist.

Generally speaking, when the male bird is healthy, if he fails to fertilize the eggs it is due to faulty management, and not to the birds themselves. One great cause of infertility is that too many hens are mated with the male bird. The poultryman has no set rule to guide him in this matter, much depending on the breed and the conditions under which the fowls are kept. More females can be mated with one male when the birds have full freedom than when they are confined in yards.

We have found it a good plan to mate comparatively few females with a male bird early in the season, increasing the number as the weather become warmer. If the male is a very old one, only a few females are allowed to run with him.

For light weight birds early in the season, enjoying full liberty on the farm, an active male bird may be mated to about 15 females, increasing the number as the season advances, to 20 or 25. But the male in this instance should be active and healthy. Better limit the number of females than to have the hatching turn out poorly For the heavier breeds about two-thirds of the foregoing number of females is recommended.

The mistake should not be made of mating large, overweight males to small females. Infertile eggs nearly always result. In fact, extremes either way should be avoided. The breeding birds should be the pick of the flock—large, well developed specimens, healthy and vigorous. Then fertile eggs and vigorous chicks may be expected.

Over fatness is another cause of egg infertility. Neither the males nor females should be allowed to take on excess fat, which tends to make them overfat.

MIXING CATTLE BREEDS

A correspondent of the Breeders' Gazette writes that the tendency of the American farmer in the past has been to hybridize all his farm animals. Even his hens all became a mixture after a year or two. Especially has been the case with farmers in the Eastern states. Those who had Jersey cows have crossed and recrossed with Holstein-Fresian bulls until they have got neither one nor the other, and some of them come very near to nothing. Some farmers seemed to think they could outdo Almighty by crossing the Jersey with the Holstein and so get the large flow of the Holstein with the rich milk of the Jersey. The difference between the two breeds is too great. Nature was shocked and dumbfounded. The result has been in many cases the small yield of the Jersey coupled with the poor quality of the Holstein.

There is as vast difference between a good Holstein and a poor one both in quality and quantity of milk. Jerseys also differ very much in regard to quantity of milk. A herd of first-class Jersey cows is as good as a gold mine to a farmer who knows how to handle them for best results and improve them by

To Enjoy

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To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

People and Things.

Mrs. Catherine W. McCulloch, of Evanston, Ill., said to be the only woman justice of the peace in this country, astonished the Society of Anthropology at a recent meeting by denouncing Adam as a loafer. She declared that Eve was the mother of all the arts and sciences, and by data, which carried her back to the palaeolithic age, she sought to prove that woman was the originator of most of the good things in the world. At the end of the meeting she asked for a vote on woman suffrage, and the audience, almst to a man, declared itself in favor of giving votes to women.

Miss Kate Gordon, of New Orleans, president of the juvenile court circle, is leading a movement to establish a state industrial school providing manual training for boys and girls. She proposes a tax of 15 cents on every $1,000 to pay the expenses. The women taxpayers of Louisiana, who have a right to vote on all questions relating to taxation, have pretty generally let it be known that they are willing to pay their share to establish the school.

The marriages in England and Wales during 1907 numbered 267,431, corresponding to a rate of 15.8 persons married in 1,000 of the population at all ages. The rates in the preceding three years (1901-1906) had been 15.2, 15.3 and 15.6 in 1,000 living. The proportion of bachelors in 1,000 males, aged 15 years and upward, rose from 384 in 1871, to 411 in 1901, and among 1,000 females, aged 15 years and upward, the proportion of spinsters increased from 311 to 386.—London Globe.

You've Got to Stay There.

The hilltop's closer to the sky—they ain't a bit o' play there:
The trouble is—in climbin' high you're always in the world's keen eye;
The trouble is—to stay there!

The valley sees you, like the town, for brighter shines the day there;
O dilly-dallyin' aroun', an', what is more—no rollin' down!
You've got to stay—to stay there!

Rest in the valley's mighty sweet, though skies are sometimes gray there,
But when on high you plant yer feet, you've got the very band to beat—
Old boy, you've got to stay there!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Free Hides.

Boston Advertiser.

The avowed opponent of free hides is not a consistent friend of the "downward revision" movement. If he supports a duty on hides, he is merely playing politics when he talks of considering the consumer. The consumers of the United States, in this connection, are the people who buy shoes. Shoes have come to be about as much a necessity of civilized life as food and clothes are. The tax on hides is inevitably a tax on shoes, for the benefit of the beef trust, very largely, and of some cattle raisers, incidentally.

Treasure in Stork's Nest.

Berlin Cor. London Globe.

The following details concerning the structure and contents of a stork's nest investigated on the summit of the cathedral of Colmar, in Upper Alsace, may be of interest.

The city architect has just delivered a public lecture there on "Storks and Their Nest." He described a stork's nest, which was about 30 years old; it measured 6 feet across; and was 5 feet in height; weighed 16 hundredweight, or over three-quarters of a ton, and it was such a solid mass that it had to be broken up by using a pickax. The nest was made of twigs of wood and clay, and the materials filled 24 sacks. The walls of the nest were found to contain 17 ladies' black stockings, 5 fur tippets, the sleeve of a white silk blouse, 3 shawls, a large piece of leather, and 4 buttons that had belonged to a railway porter's uniform.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

FOR READERS TO ANSWER

Below are questions which we submit to our readers for answer. All replies must be of reasonable length. What we want are facts, not personal opinions that will open the way to interminable controversies.

Will some veteran give the estimated number of civil war soldiers now living and the number of deaths last year?—T. S. M., Ponca, Neb.

Who knows about steel railroad ties? What do they cost? Are they used on many roads? Are they a success?—J. L. A., Conneaut, O.

What is the best bait for bullheads, catfish and pike? I am fishing with set lines.—L. D., Milford, Neb.

Who can give a sketch of Brann, of Iconoclast notoriety?—G. W. W., Omaha, Neb.

CECIL RHODES

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Cecil Rhodes? Also give particulars regarding his donation for the American scholarships to Oxford university.—J. A. D., Fort Payne, Ala.

Cecil John Rhodes, the African financier and statesman, was born July 5, 1853, and died March 26, 1902. He was educated at a grammar school in his native town. Before he could go to college his lungs became affected with a disease which necessitated his departure for Natal, where his brother was engaged in raising cotton. He arrived there in 1870, and after being engaged in farming for a brief period, he went to the diamond fields at Kimberley, where he made his fortune, becoming a millionaire at the age of 19. Recovering his health he returned to England, where he entered Oxford. But his ailment returned and Rhodes again went to Africa, remaining there for three years. Returning to England he managed to complete his course of study in 1881. Rhodes returned to South Africa at once, where he began his long task of establishing British interests there. His whole life was devoted to this work of developing and extending the British territory. He accumulated a large fortune while doing this, dying of heart old disease. The bulk of his great fortune was left for the establishment of a large number of scholarships at Oxford university. Every state and territory in the United States has two scholarships awarded to residents. These are worth about $1,500 in our money.

THE GYPSIES

Please give a history of the gypsies.—F. D., Hortonville, Wis.

The word gypsy is derived from the earlier words gypsen and gypeyan, both of which came into English from the French, and by the step through the latter language from the Latin aegyptus, which means an Egyptian. The name gypsy shows that the gypsies were considered of Egyptian origin, but this theory has long been abandoned. In 1417, hordes amounting to about 1,400 persons appeared in Germany, which increased to thousands in the succeeding years. These first-comers were dark as Tartars, and called themselves Secani. The real gypsies of the present day call themselves Romany. They reached England in 1514. There is now no doubt that the ancestors of the gypsies came originally from the tablelands of western Asia, and were a tribe allied to the Tartars and Kurds.

HENRY CLAY

Will you please give a brief sketch of the life of Henry Clay?—J. E. C., Center Square, Ind.

Henry Clay was born in 1777 in Hanover county, Va. In 1806 he was elected to congress, and in 1809 chosen senator. In 1811 he was sent to the house of representatives and elected speaker. A strong advocate of nationality, he denounced the claims put forth by England as to the right of search; he was a strenuous supporter of the war with that country, and in consequence was sent, in 1814, as one of the commissioners to sign the treaty of peace at Ghent. On his return he exerted all his talents in favor of the independence of South America, and tried hard to eradicate all European influence from the American continent. Clay, however, is best known as the author of the famous Missouri Compromise as restricting slavery to the states south of 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude; and also for the compromise of 1850, known as Clay's omnibus measure. He died in 1852.

CORNERING THE MARKET

Please explain what it means by cornering the market.—H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.

"Corner" is a commercial term used to signify the control of so large a supply of an industrial or commercial product, or of so much of a stock that the market value of the commodity held is tremendously advanced, and those who have made contracts to deliver the stock or commodity in question must buy at the prices set by the pool. The corner is based upon a knowledge of contracts made for future delivery by those who are not in present possession of the stock. Successful corners depend, then, not only on a thorough understanding of when a corner in the commodity in question lies, lest another holder, at the critical moment, be able to undersell the would-be corner man, but on the willingness of the buyer to keep his contracts at no matter what cost. In other words, if the corner man is too greedy and demands too high a price, buyers may smash the corner by refusing to keep their contracts. Cereals and cotton, because of the large amount of future trading done in them, are favorite fields for working the corner; but the exact amount of a year's crop and the thorough location of such holdings make the maneuver particularly dangerous. When one gambles in grain or other commodities he simply buys some on the market with the expectation that it will go up in price and he will make some profits.

MANGANESE

I would like to know what manganese is used for, and in what kind of minerals it is found.—E. M. F., Glendale, Ore.

Manganese is a metallic element widely distributed in nature, though it never occurs except in combination with other elements. The oldest is supposed to be a compound of iron until 1774, when Scheele proved it to be a compound of a previously unknown metal, and in the same year Gahn prepared the element in its metallic form. Metallic manganese is not used in the arts, but some of its alloys with iron, aluminum and copper are valuable. It is particularly valuable in steel, its presence in small amount increasing the hardness, tenacity and elasticity of the metal. The manganese of commerce is usually not the metal itself, but a mixture of its oxids. Some forms of the manganese are used in chemistry, the arts and in medicine.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Will you please publish in the Question Bureau a sketch of the life of Sir Walter Scott?—C. B., Reed City, Mich.

Sir Walter Scott, the Scottish poet and novelist, was born August 15, 1771, and died September 21, 1832. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and was admitted to the bar in 1792. During his leisure hours as an advocate he studied German, finally translating several German books into English. In 1802 he published two volumes of ancient ballads which he had collected. It was not until 1805 that he attracted any decided attention as a poet. After being engaged in writing poetry for some time he began to write prose under another name. In 1814 the first of his novels, Waverley, was written. In 1811 Scott purchased a farm of about 100 acres which he added to until he had quite a good-sized estate. During the following years he wrote many books. He was also a member of a publishing firm which became bankrupt in 1826. In order to pay his debts Scott wrote several books for which he received good sums, and also he sold the copyrights to his novels at auction. He retired from active duties in 1830, and in the following winter went to Italy for his health. His strength went rapidly back on him and he only remained away for a few months. He returned to England very quickly in order to reach his home before his death, in which object he was successful.

RUSSIAN RULERS

Will you please publish a list of the rulers of Russia from Rurik to the present time with the dates of their accessions?—R. H., New Haven, Mich.

The following are the names of the rulers of Russia with the dates of the accessions of those whom we are able to give: Rurik, 860; Igor, 879; Sviatoslaff, 945; Vladimir the Great, 980; Sviotopulk; Yarosloff, 1034; Sviotopulk, 1093; Vladimir Monomachus, 1113; Alexander Nevski, 1252; Ivan Kalitia, 1328; Simeon the Proud, 1340; Dmitri, 1362; Vassili II., 1388; Vassili III., 1425; Ivan III., 1462; Vassili IV., 1505; Ivan IV., 1533; Feodor I., 1584; Dmitri, 1598; Vassili Shiuski, 1605; Michael Romanoff, 1613; Alexei Mikhailovitch, 1645; Feodor Alexeievitch, 1676; Ivan and Peter, 1682; Peter I., 1689; Catherine I., 1725; Peter II., 1727; Anna Ivanovna, 1730; Ivan, 1740; Elizabeth, 1741; Peter, 1762; Catharine II., 1762; Paul I., 1796; Alexander I., 1801; Nicholas I., 1825; Alexander II., 1855; Alexander III., 1881; Nicholas II., 1894.

DAYS AND MONTHS

Who named the days of the week and the months of the year, and from where did the names originate?—W. H., Napoleon, O.

The Romans named both the days and the months. The name Sunday was derived from the sun, Monday from the moon, Tuesday from Mars, Wednesday from Mercury, Thursday from Jupiter, Friday from Venus, and Saturday from Saturn. The name of the month of January was derived from the name of the good Janus, February from Februa, a festival celebrated by the Romans on the 15th of the month, March from Mars, April from aperire, meaning to open, for the buds usually open during this month, May from the goddess Maia, June from Juno, July from Julius Caesar, and August from Augustus. Before the time of the Julian calendar the year had only ten months beginning with March, September, October, November and December mean the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months of the year.

ROMAN RULERS

Please give the names of the Roman rulers from the time of Julius Caesar until Rome ceased to be a nation.—J. D., Athens, Pa.

The following are the names of the Roman rulers down to the time when Rome ceased to be a nation and only existed as an independent city. After the death of Julius Caesar in 43 B. C., Mark Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus were triumvirs. Lepidus soon lost his position, and Antony and Octavius and Lepidus divided the empire between them. When Antony died Octavius became the emperor under his new name of Augustus. Tiberius succeeded him in 14 A. D. The following are a list of those who succeeded in keeping the throne for any length of time: Caligula acceded to the throne in 37, Claudius in 41, Nero in 54, Galba, Otho, Vitellius in 68, Vespasian in 69, Titus in 79, Domitian in 81, Nerva in 96, Ulpius Trajanus in 98, Hadrian in 117, Antonius Pius in 138, Marcus Aurelius in 161, Commodus in 180, Septimius Severus in 193, Caracalla in 211, HHeliogabolus in 218, Alexander Severus in 222, Maximinus in 235, Gordianus III in 238, Philip the Arab in 244, Decius in 249, Gallus in 251, Valerian in 254, Gallenus in 260, Claudius in 268, Aurelian in 270, Tacitus in 275, Probus in 276, Carus in 282, Numerianus in 283, Diocletian in 285, Constantine the Great in 324, Constantinus in 337, Constans in 340, Constantius in 353, Julian in 361, Jovian in 363, Valentinian I in 364, Gratian and Valentinian II in 375, Theodosius in 379, Honorius in 395, Valentinian in 423, then came a number of kings who were continually being dethroned by the Germans, Romulus in 475, and Odoacer in 476. The Romans lost many of their possessions by conquest.

BASEBALL LEAGUES

How many teams are there in each of the two major baseball leagues, and where is each team located? How many games does each team have to play, and what percentage of the games must a team have to win in order to get the pennant?—M. C. D., Rowley, Ia.

There are eight teams in each of the major leagues. The teams of the National league are located in Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New York, Broklyn, Philadelphia and Boston. The teams of the American league represent the cities of Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Boston. The team winning the pennant need not have a certain percentage but a percentage which is higher than any other team in the league. Each team is required to play 154 games.

JOHN H. PAYNE.

Please give a sketch of the life of John H. Payne.—J. F. H., Clifty, Tenn.

John Howard Payne, the author of the song, "Home, Sweet Home," was born in New York city, June 9, 1792, died in Tunis, Africa, April 10, 1852. He was a very precocious child, with a decided penchant for the stage. He appeared first as a professional actor at the Park theatre, New York, February 29, 1809, as Young Norval, and then made a tour of the Eastern cities. In 1813 he appeared in London in that play, and afterward in the principal cities of Great Britain. For nearly twenty years he remained in Europe, as actor, author and manager, and wrote many dramas, the most of which are long forgotten. One of these was called "Clari, the Maid of Milan." In it appears the song, "Home, Sweet Home," which made the fortune of all concerned, except the author. In 1832 he returned to America, receiving several substantial benefits in New York and elsewhere, and in 1841 he was appointed consul to Tunis, which position he held till his death. In 1883 his remains were brought to America, and reinterred at Washington. He did not possess business judgment, and though he made handsome sums by his plays, he was always in pecuniary perplexities. A noble monument now marks his grave in Oak Hill cemetery, Washington.

MONROE DOCTRINE

What did the Monroe doctrine consist of? Tell about its application in recent times—F. B., Marion, Mich.

The term Monroe doctrine has been popularly used for three principles which at different times have governed the policy of the United States toward Latin America. They are (1) the declaration made in 1823 by President Monroe; (2) various theories of our relations to Latin America, which theories, by several presidents and secretaries of state from 1845 to 1885, have been set forth as forms of the Monroe doctrine; (3) the general doctrine that the United States has a "paramount interest" in American affairs, a doctrine rapidly developed since 1890. The doctrine has been applied several times since it was made the basis of action by the government. The first was in 1865, when the Emperor Napoleon III., of France, was informed that the United States considered the French troops in Mexico, supporting the Emperor Maximilian, to be repugnant to that doctrine, with an intimation that General Sheridan's army, already in Texas on the Rio Grande, might be used to drive them out. Napoleon yielded, withdrew the French troops, and Maximilian's capture and execution by the Mexicans followed. The other case was when President Cleveland interfered in the dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain.

NAPOLEON III.

Please give a short history of the life of Napoleon III, in your Question Bureau.—J. A. K., Roanoke, Va.

Napoleon III., emperor of the French, was born in Paris April 20, 1808; and died in Chiselhurst, England, January 9, 1873. He was the son of Louis Bonaparte, the king of Holland. He was educated in Switzerland. October 30, 1836, by a conspiracy at Strasburg, he was declared emperor. Napoleon was arrested and sent without trial to the United States, but returned to Switzerland the following year, went to London in 1838, and two years later landed at Boulogne for a fresh attempt against Louis Philippe. This time he was imprisoned in the fortress of Ham under a life sentence, but he contrived to escape in 1846. At this time he wrote several books. On the outbreak of the revolution he hastened from London to Paris, where he announced that he came to serve under the republican flag. After several trips between this city and London he announced his candidacy for president. He was elected and for a time everything moved in harmony, but in 1849 Napoleon formed a new ministry who were only his tools. A crisis came in 1851 and the empire was established. On January 29, 1853 Napoleon married Eugenie Marie de Montijo, Countess de Teba. He engaged in the Crimean war, and 1862 got into trouble in Mexico. In 1870 war was declared between France and Prussia as the result of Prussia offering the Spanish crown to Leopold of Hohenzollern. Napoleon took the chief command of his army and was taken captive by the Germans. A revolution again occurred in France and he was dethroned. The empress and her son secretly left Paris for England, where they were joined by the emperor in 1871. Napoleon was not a very good statesman, and was unfortunate in the selection of his advisers and subordinates.

HORNBILL

Please tell what you can concerning the hornbill.—G. L., Emlenton, Pa.

The hornbills are related to the owls. They are found in Africa, India and throughout the Malayan region as far as New Guinea. They are mostly large birds, the largest being more than four feet long, the smallest rather smaller than a magpie. There large bills are surmounted by bony crests of varied shape and sometimes of great size, but rendered light by the presence of numerous air cells. Their food is principally fruits, but in certain circumstances they become to a great extent omnivorous. A well known South African ground hornbill devours snakes and is highly regarded by the negroes because of his enmity to them, and ability to overcome the largest and deadliest vipers. The most curious fact regarding these birds is that during the breeding season the female is imprisoned in her nest in a cavity in a tree trunk, she herself apparently gradually plastering up the entrance until there is left only a small aperture through which the male supplies her and her offspring with food until the young ones are nearly full grown.

TAFT'S CABINET

Will you please name the members of the cabinet of President Taft?—G. N., Sculiton, Pa.

The members of Taft's cabinet are as follows: Secretary of state, Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania; secretary of the treasury, Franklin MacVeagh, of Illinois; secretary of war, Jacob M. Dickinson, of Tennessee; attorney general, George W. Wickersham, of New York; postmaster general, Frank H. Hitchcock, of Massachusetts; secretary of the navy, George Von L. Meyer, of Massachusetts; secretary of the interior, Richard A. Ballinger, of Washington; secretary of agriculture, James Wilson, of Iowa; secretary of commerce and labor, Charles Nagel, of Missouri.

CICERO AND CATILINE

Will you please give the cause and the details of the controversy between Cicero and Catiline?—E. T., Bargersville, Ind.

Cicero had decided to become a candidate for the consulship. At this time Catiline began to plan his conspiracy against the government. He was accused of extortion in his government of Africa, and Cicero was on the point of undertaking his defense when they became rivals, being both candidates for the consulship. Cicero's merit prevailed over Catiline's intrigues and the envy of his enemies, for he was chosen consul unanimously.

MISCELLANEOUS

E. E. N., Rochester, Ind.: We cannot give you the information you want.

W. W., Silver Hill, W. Va.: People living in territories are not allowed to vote for President of the United States.

H. M., Blairsville, Pa.: The climate of Porto Rico is not unhealthful.

H. E., Elkton, Mich.: The United States constitutional convention was in session just after the Revolutionary war.

L. H., Fordsville, Ky.: The principal of the public debt of the United States up to November 1, 1907, is $2,492,231,518.54.

W. N. F., Moorefield, O.: The word comptroller may be spelled in two ways, either comptroller or controller.

J. H. A., Sunbright, Tenn.: We cannot give you a sketch of the life of John A. Murrel.

A. E. L., Marion, Mich.: Rates of interest differ in the various states. In Michigan the legal rate is 5 per cent and the contract rate 7. Beyond that is usury.

C. R. S., Maynardville, Tenn.: Write to the Land Commissioner, Washington, D. C.

Reading in Proportion.

Tit-Bits.

"Tomorrow you may have something to eat," promised the doctor to the patient, who was now convalescent and correspondingly hungry.

The patient realizes that there would be a restraint to his appetite, yet he hoped for a modest, steaming meal.

"Here is your dinner," said the nurse next day, as she gave the patient a spoonful of tapioca pudding; "and the doctor emphasizes that everything else you do must be in the same proportion."

Two hours later the nurse heard a frantic call from the bedchamber.

"Nurse," breathed the man, heavily, "I want to do some reading; bring me a postage stamp."

THE HAPPINESS RUG

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

THERE have been many stories written about the family history connected with the odds and ends of material out of which "home folks" make quilts and rugs. Most of the pieces are represented as having a pathetic interest, but there was one woman who chronicled in a rug, the joys that had come into her life, and, in her sunset years, it was to her, like reading a pleasant story. It was only a hooked rug made of burlap with "snippings" of pieces looped through in the hit-or-miss pattern, but it was one of her most cherished possessions. She called it her Happiness Rug, and, while she knew by heart the tales it told, she read it over and over. Her home was a quaint, old-fashioned Cape Cod village. The little town was frequently invaded by visitors in search of old-time furniture, and, when hooked rugs came to be a fad of fashion, the demand for them grew to such proportions, that, after the original supply was exhausted, the village housewives began to "hook" rugs as a business, and they found it to be a paying industry.

The woman with the Happiness Rug did not engage in this employment, neither would she part with the rugs which, for years, had served their purpose at the "crack o' the door," or before the sitting room stove, or about the house in various places.

The Happiness Rug was in the sitting room, and it was here that the woman who had made it related the tales it told to her. The one who listened was a visitor from Boston in search of furnishings appropriate to the old-fashioned room she was fitting up in her new-fashioned, colonial mansion. She had come to the village in search of homemade rugs and hearing of the one to which the name happiness was attached she went to buy it, if possible, failing this, she wanted to hear its story. She explained her mission while standing on the broad, flat stone forming the doorstep of the dwelling where the rug was housed.

"Why, come right in," said the woman who owned it, almost before her visitor had told her errand. "Come into my sitting room. Have a chair and sit down," she invited. "No, I coudn't think of selling the rug, but I just as soon tell you about it, if you feel that you want to listen. It's all happiness, that rug is," she said, stooping to move it forward with a gentle hand.

"I don't know how I got the notion, but all of a sudden when I was hooking a rug one day the idea came into my head to make one out of pieces left from clothes that were worn at particularly joyful occasions. 'Tisn't much of a story you can read from the rug, as nothing very great ever happened in my family. We were always plain folks, but we had more happy times than we did sorrowful, and most of those happy times are hooked in the burlap foundation so I can never forget them as long as I live. It's a real cheerful thing to have around, and I take a sight of comfort with it.

"Yes, I'm alone here. Abner, that was my husband's name, has been dead and gone for ten years. My two sons and my daughter are married and living in the city. They have good, comfortable homes, and it makes 'em real mad because I won't live with them. 'Choose any of our homes you want to,' 'or take us turn about, only so you come, mother,' they say.

"They're real urging, but land, much as I love 'em, I can't do more than visit 'em once a year or so. I wouldn't be happy away from this old place. It's what I've been used to, and I'm used to the folks here, too. Most all of them have reached my time of life. There are not many young folks left. They don't like to stay in a town that's going backward. Maybe you've noticed how many houses are empty and falling to ruin. They're sort of sad looking places to me.

"But about the rug. Do you see that piece of bright blue delaine with a pink sprig in it? That's the dress I stood up in with a friend of mine when she was married. My, but she was a pretty bride! They said I looked real well, too. I guess Abner thought so from the way he acted. We met for the first time that evening, and go where I would, his eyes always followed. Many a time after we were married he's said: 'You were the handsome lass the night I met you, Hannah. You're cheeks were so red I thought they'd set your hair afire.'

"Abner looked just as well to me as I did to him. He wasn't a trifler, and it seemed as if we were promised to each other almost before you could say Jack Robinson. My wedding dress was plain white muslin. I've always felt real sorry that it couldn't go in the rug, but it wasn't the right kind of goods; anyway, it was cut up long ago and made over for my girl when she was small.

"That piece of buff cloth was from Abner's wedding vest. He had a dark blue suit to go with it, and I must say I never saw a handsomer young man than Abner was when he came up the walk to my father's house the day we were married. I was watching for him out of the window and he looked up and saw me. Quicker'n scat he pulled a pink rose off the bush by the door and threw it up to me. It caught in my hair and I wore it just where it landed, all through our wedding. It was June when we were married, and there was a sight o' roses in our yard. I remember how the company pelted us with posies when we ran down the walk on the way to our home. Yes, it was this very house, only it's some larger. All my children were born and raised and married here, so can you wonder I like to stay where there's everything to help me think back to days of pleasantness? It all comes real again, many a time when I'm here alone.

"Do you see that piece of blue cloth that looks sort of faded? That was from the soldier clothes Abner wore when he came back safe and sound from the war. If I was to be asked, I'd say that was the happiest day of my life. I didn't know how much I'd worried till I had my arms around him and knew he was safe at home. We laughed and we cried, and we held on to each other like all possessed, and all Abner could say was, 'Hannah, Hannah!' over and over, but it meant as much as if he'd talked a bookful of words. Yes, that bit of blue, faded by the sun and rain, is the sign of the happiest day of my life, and when I look at it now, it seems as if Abner was with me, and that happy day was here again. Someway I can't get used to living without Abner.

"That bit of gray, its silk, you see, is from the dress I had for our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. It was the first silk dress I'd ever had in my life, and I tell you I felt proud. The boys and Abner bought it for me, and we had in a dressmaker to make it up. My girl made me put it on in the morning of our wedding anniversary. She said I shouldn't do a stroke of work that day, and she made her father dress up in his best suit. The whole day was a celebration. We had callers from far and near—why, I'd no idea we had so many friends—and in the evening there was a regular cutting-up time with all the neighbors here, bringing presents and helping out with the refreshments. None of the children were married then, but that dress lasted to wear to all of their weddings and for a long time after. It was a good piece of silk, and I always felt happy in it because it happened that nearly every time I wore it I went to some joyful occasion.

"Sprinkled all through the rug are snippins from the clothes the children wore when they were little. You see there are plaids and bright colors. I was always partial to bright colors, they're so cheerful. The pieces from the children's clothes make me think of their cute ways, and many a time I've sat here remembering their funny tricks, and laughing about 'em. There's no sorrowful clothes in my Happiness Rug. It was hooked in the sunshine and made out of gay pieces.

"No, I couldn't think of selling the rug, but why don't you make one? That girl of mine has a considerable number of snippins saved. I tell her it's a sight of comfort to have a Happiness Rug to read."

HOW THE ASSOCIATED PRESS BEAT THE WORLD

A TYPICAL story of a newspaper man's grit and diplomacy is now being told in connection with the Sicilian earthquake. When Italy and the rest of Europe were groping madly for the first details of the disaster, people in the United States had read a complete account of the affair. The Associated Press had "beat" the world on the thrilling story. The man responsible for this international "steal" was Salvatore Cortesi, in charge of the Association's bureau in Rome. Cortesi rose from a bed where he lay sick with scarlet fever to take personal charge. A writer in the New York Evening Post tells the rest of the story, as follows:

Cortesi was told that he couldn't get out of bed for three weeks. His assistants, fearing information of the important news event would shock him into a dangerous relapse, made every effort to keep word of it from him. The sixth sense, that old-time newspaper men have, told him that something important was transpiring. He eluded his physicians, got to the office, frightening the staff by his startling physical appearance, and went to work.

He already had some important news triumphs to his credit, not the least of which was his anouncement to the United States that Pope Leo XIII. was dead before Europe and Italy had heard about it. He also had distinguished himself at the Algeciras convention and The Hague.

Out of Sick Bed.

The sick chief rolled his sleeves up over his thin fever-scarred arms, and organized his campaign. An emergency corps was perfected and sent out, and the windrows of messages that piled in from the south during the succeeding days were done into English, corrected, edited and tossed to the cable transmitters. This getting off the messages was not easy. The government had reserved all of the wires for its own use.

With a diplomacy that would have distinguished an ambassador at the Court of St. James, he impressed upon those in authority the advantage of getting the details of desolation to those points from which succor might be expected. He found an able assistant in this connection in American Ambassador Griscom, who realized the important part the press was playing. The needed wires were obtained.

As a result the Associated Press, beginning on December 28, was able to give a connected running story of the great disaster which robbed the globe of 200,000 inhabitants. The first word of trouble was from Monteleone, Calabria, followed shortly by cablegrams from Cantanzaro and other places in Calabria. None of these gave an inkling of the immensity of the disaster, but, pieced together, they indicated that there had been another earthquake in or about the "heel of the boot."

The dispatch that first hinted at the size of the disaster was from Catania, and told ot a tidal wave which had injured three vessels. Reference to the shipping registers showed that the vessels were of large tonnage. To the trained minds in the cableroom, the wave spelled death and destruction on shore.

Cortesi at Rome took hold of a situation as follows: His correspondent at Messina was dead in the ruins of his house. Communication by telegraph, cable, rail and sea with the zone of disaster was cut off. Refugees had not yet reached the surrounding towns. His "flying squadron" was on its way, but still far from the story.

The First Reports.

There was nothing to do but to pick up the disconnected bits of rumored horror and deduct the facts. Mr. Cortesi, with New York ever in his mind, hurried story after story to the cables, sewing the seed from which grew the organized American relief which came so quickly that the old world was astounded. Washington and the Red Cross promptly responded and funds began to flow into Rome. Americans in the earthquake zone were determined and the Scorpion at Constantinople was located as the nearest United States war vessel to the disaster.

Howard Thompson, chief of the Paris bureau, was ordered to Cortesi's assistance, but meanwhile the latter had had a great stroke of luck. Kellogg Durland, an American newspaper man, happened to be in Rome at the time. Cortesi promptly engaged him and sent him to Messina.

Durland started out with Guido Pardo, an Italian correspondent with whom he had worked and bunked in the Greek war, the Russian-Japanese war, and the Russian revolution. Pardo was to act as colleague and interpreter. The two took the first train out from Rome to Naples. The cars were occupied exclusively by army officers and correspondents, all clattering out their surmises.

When the train stopped at Naples there was a mad dash for cabs, carriages and conveyances to the water front. Like the front of a tidal wave the officers and newspaper men swept across the city. Arrived at the dock Durland learned that no one could get on the Italian ships, all of which had been commissioned by the government, without a passport. He was stumped.

Pardo, by chance, heard someone in the street say there was a German ship in the harbor about to sail for Messina. They hastily rowed out to the only ship bearing a German flag. Was the captain about to sail for Messina? He was. Would he take the American correspondent and his friend. He would. In forty minutes they were off, while a mob of Italian and French correspondents, all with their passports carefully buttoned in their coats, bit their lips and hoped the government would soon move a ship.

Beat the World.

Durland and Pardo reached Messina twenty-four hours before any other correspondents. They stumbled about in the ruins of the city under the cloud of dark volcanic dust and learned for the first time the extent of the disaster, and then engaged in a wild hunt for a wire. They found one a mile from the city on the railway to Palermo. Here the first news dispatch from the vicinity of Messina was filed.

The telegraph wire was simply a tapped wire run down into a freight car. But the first message that reached Rome was filed by Durland the next morning at Catania, which he reached after an eleven-hour train ride in a car filled with wounded and dying. During the day he hastened back to Messina.

The journalists from Naples arrived the next morning. They all decided to return to Naples at once to write their "impressions." Their vessel was still in the harbor at nightfall. They were still there at breakfast time the next day. Pardo had forwarded a report from Catania twenty-four hours before, so that Durland did not share the frenzy of the picked European journalists. Pardo gained passage on a French torpedo boat and forwarded another bundle of telegrams from a point outside of Reggio.

The two Associated Press men remained in Messina a fortnight, with the exception of a day or two spent in a trip to Naples and Rome, tramping miles over the ruins, now sleeping in wet clothing on the quay, getting an occasional night on a German, French or English war vessel, but consages which enabled the organization to triumph continually over the flower of old-world journalism.

Desperate Critic.

"The Kerosene Circuiters had a run of one hundred nights in Kansas," declared Hamlodo J. Ranter, with a dramatic air.

"Must have been an awful bum show," said the editor of the Cobville Ferret, dreamily. "They won't none of the Cobville boys chase you further than the town line, 'less'n the show's plum extra rotten!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WHEN CREED BECOMES DEED

International Sunday School Lesson for May 30 Is "Believing and Doing." James 2:14-26.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

"Show me" is the slangy expression of the spirit of these times. The world's attitude today toward all things is skeptical. It accepts only the man or enterprise that has "made good." It wants a demonstration that will convince its own judgment. Mere empty profession in religion or in business is treated with scant patience. Belief that is barren is given no heed. Our own day stands rather squarely on the platform laid by James, that the faith which is alive must produce. All eyes look for this practical expression of their profession.

The Sunday schools of the world are this week studying a fragment of the intensely practical letter written by James. There is an intrinsic appropriateness in the interruption of the historical studies from the Book of Acts in order that this letter of James' may be considered in connection with the letter which he wrote as president of the council at Jerusalem to the Gentile Christians at Antioch and throughout Asia Minor. The deeply practical strain in this epistle has led many to question its right to a place in the Canon. It was not until the council of Laodicea, about 364, that it was formally and finally admitted. During the early centuries, however, it was always printed as immediately following the Book of the Acts, being more clearly related thereto than the letters of Apostle Paul. It was Jerome's translation which disturbed this order and made it likely that henceforth the ecclestine arrangement of books will be followed always.

There are several James in the New Testament, and the question arises as to the identity of this one. It is generally agreed that he is not one of the two James who belonged to the college of apostles, but rather the brother of Jesus himself. He is commonly called James the Just, and there are many interesting extra-scriptural traditions concerning him. We know that he was presiding over the council at Jerusalem, thus having a primacy over Peter and John and Paul, during the first council. He was a Jew of the stricter sort, and his letter is written as a Jew to Jews. Possibly it was meant to recall the church from an overidealization of the teachings of Paul; for all who have been inclined to spiritualize the latter's words have found fault with these writings of James. Luther, his whole being concentrated on the great truth that "the just shall live by faith," did not like James' apparently disparaging remarks concerning faith, and thus he called this book "an epistle of straw." Later he is thought to have revised this judgment, and certainly his followers and the church that bears his name have come to a correcter interpretation of the importance of James' teachings and of their place in the Canon.

"No Religion to Speak of."

One of those bustling persons who talk as freely about the innermost sanctities of the spirit as they do about the crops or the weather, had approached a profoundly religious man with some casual inquiry concerning the state of his spirit. "I have no religion to speak of," dryly replied the latter, knowing that his interrogator would probably not catch this double-ended sentence. There are many who have a deep sympathy with the man who "had no religion to speak of." They feel that the housetops are not the places for an oral confession of faith. The creed that counts in the market place is the creed that expresses itself not in pious phrases, but in a square deal.

In all charity it may be questioned whether the persons who are most prone to talk about religion are those who best realize it. The deeply religious man is possessed of a profound reverence. He will speak his fath, of course, upon proper occasions; but he does not wear either his soul or his heart upon his sleeve. With all spiritual emotions there may be found a great diffidence. A woman does not talk of her love for her children; she shows it. James makes a center shot at the talkative saint when he writes: "If a man say"—stressing the word "say"—"he hath faith but not works, can that faith save him?"

The Faith That Is a Dead One.

Pious admonitions fill no empty stomachs. The common religious salutation of the early Christian was "Peace." James declares that the Christian who cries "Peace" to a hungry or naked person in need, withholding food and raiment from him, has by no means expressed his religion. Warm words are no substitutes for warm clothes. A lachrymose pity which is ever pluming itself on its own sympathy is no point of merit unless it has done its utmost to ameliorate the conditions over which it weeps. However high and far a man's spirit may soar, his feat must remain squarely planted on earth. In this material world even spiritually must be shown in material ways.

James declares unequivocally that faith without works is dead. In the colloquial speech of today—and James' letters are extremely colloquial—he would declare that the religion which is not busy about helpfulness is "a dead one." The world is right

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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There is no United States senator like an old United States senator.

It is not always safe to gauge prosperity by the number of men one sees carrying fishpoles.

It is a sweetly solemn thought that the United States senate always takes a lot of time to go wrong.

A New York bulldog sold for $5,250. And yet one can't reasonably blame the dog, or the man who sold him.

"American men do not make love enough," says Elinor Glyn. She ought to see them on a moonlight picnic.

Not much is being heard from old Abdul Hamid. He must feel that it is the will of Allah that he saw wood.

Adam was the first man, but quite a number beat him in the matter of having monuments erected to their memory.

Some women have the happy faculty of getting pretty hats, no matter how homely the styles they have to select from.

"I'm too crazy to marry," says a man who has been sued for breach of promise. As if that were a good excuse!

The man who loafs on the corner and insists that he has nothing left to live for, usually gets home in time for his meals.

Prohibition may not prohibit, but out in Kansas it has become quite an inconvenience to the man who wants a drink.

The worm has turned. A St. Louis woman asks the court for a divorce because her husband cannot bake good biscuits.

"In twenty years from now we will all be flying," says a scientist. But very few people believe all the scientists say.

Mr. Hisgen makes the announcement that he is out of politics. He must have gotten that idea from last fall's election returns.

A Washington woman has paid $3,000 for a church pew in front of Mrs. Taft. She knew better than to purchase one behind Mr. Taft.

Mr. Rogers left a $75,000,000 estate. It is a sweetly solemn thought that they never take such things with them when they go away to stay.

Mr. Weston has walked so far on his journey that he doesn't have to look at the map to see that the United States is a pretty big country.

Tell the up-to-date boy that H. H. Rogers began life at three dollars a week and you'll probable get the reply that he wasn't worth any more.

A New Jersey man ate nine plates of ice cream, five pies and a dozen bananas in less than an hour. He thinks he could do better on a bet.

If Mr. Aldrich studied the tariff for thirty years, what hope is there for the man who expects to learn all about it in two or three evenings at home?

It is hardly probable that Mr. Roosevelt will consent to run for mayor of New York, except in case he happens to feel that he needs the exercise.

"Watchman, What of the Night?" was the subject of Mr. Bryan's Columbus address. "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" will be next on the program.

It is easy to see how the airship, in the event of war, could sail over a hostile city and put the inhabitants thereof to flight with a shower of cold storage eggs.

"A metaphysical physician now tells mothers not to punish their children for naughtiness, but to play to them on the piano by way of correcting their faults." Poor little kids!

A Boston professor declares the time will come when every man will spell as he pleases. Which isn't very startling when we stop to consider that a lot of men are doing that very thing every day.

An East St. Louis judge has ruled that the evening meal is supper and not dinner. Without going into the merits of his decision, we'll have to admit that we admire the judge's bravery.

It may be inferred from the speech of Mehemed V. that the people recently massacred in Asiatic Turkey need have no further fear. The new sultan promises that nothing of the kind shall occur again.

Long Island man, aged 70, dislocated his jaw by yawning over an article concerning President Taft's golf playing. Nothing of that kind has occurred as a result of reading African hunting stories.

Governor Johnson intimates that Mr. Bryan is a political joke. But the trouble for Mr. Johnson lies in the fact that there are so many Democrats in the country who think the joke is worth repeating.

Why bother about the canals on Mars and other theories? A North Carolina preacher has won a debate with the argument that if the earth were round and maintained a rotating motion a tomcat couldn't stick to the backyard fence.

THE PORT ARTHUR MYSTERY.

Lieutenant General Stoessel, confined in prison for surrendering Port Arthur to the Japanese, has been released. He had served only a fraction of a ten years' sentence.

The surrender of Port Arthur and the punishment of Stoessel are among the mysteries of modern times. The general had a reputation for courage and ability. He defended Port Arthur with resourcefulness, showing bravery, judgment, administration. Ammunition was not wasted, yet every foot gained by the besieged cost its hundred or so of lives. When the fortress was surrendered the victors were surprised to find how small was the damage as compared with what they thought had occurred. The forces of the garrison had escaped disease and showed little of the rigors through which they were supposed to have passed. Food to last perhaps for months was found, ammunition and fuel. The Russians marched out with a firm step. Only the native politeness of their captors saved them from jeers.

Why did Stoessel surrender? His country pronounced him a coward and disgraced him and now she sets him free. There are rumors throughout Europe that he was instructed to give up by his superiors, by the czar himself. Revelations of the real strength of Port Arthur were not expected. Neither was the indignation of Russia foreseen. Some one must suffer. Stoessel was chosen for the victim, coached and promised hush money and early release. These are the stories. The truth may never be told.

THE SUNSHINE AGITATION.

The daylight movement is gaining impetus. Evolved in England, ridiculed and execrated and finally tentatively experimented with there, it looks as if it may be accepted in this country with widespread favor.

A Cincinnati delegation has called upon the President and has obtained his promise to take the proposition up in cabinet. It is proposed that the clock be set back two hours on May 1 and advanced again on October 1. As considerable confusion would be caused by only local adaptation of the schedule the Cincinnatians are anxious to have an executive proclamation or congressional action. The main inconvenience would come in the readjustments twice a year in the mail deliveries and collections, the opening and closing of banks and the running of trains. The work involved in the change would, of course, be vast. It might take a day or two to get things running smoothly again. But the arguments in favor of the daylight movements are clear. The benefits to the individual, since it would encourage living and taking exercise out of doors, cannot be denied.

FROM PENNIES TO BILLIONS.

The proverbs relating to pennies and their conservatism are falling in the popular esteem. The present age and generation doesn't care for these maxims any more than it pays attention to the old advice about saving wrapping paper and bits of string. Its talk is now of millions. It is striving to get a grasp upon the vastness of billions. Another century and the school boy and the statistician and the reader of the doings of notables may be involved in trillions, pounds, dollars and racing records.

The old bank porter said he couldn't realize how much a million was, but as he recalled handling sacks, each with a thousand dollars in it, and knew he had handled thousands of such bags, he not only understood what a million was, but looked upon it contemptuously. "A millionaire," he said, "ain't nothin' to a bank potah." Thus, by such steps, does one become familiar with huge sums, conquer their mightiness with thought and reach for the infinities beyond.

"Take care of your millions and your billions will take care of themselves."

GOLD PRODUCTION.

The discovery of gold in California increased the production of this precious metal tenfold, according to a bulletin just issued by the department of commerce and labor.

Up to the year 1850 the average yearly yield of the mines of the world was worth about $12,000,000. The rush of '49 and the finding of gold in Australia brought production over $100,000,000 a year. In 1893 the 150 million line was crossed. In 1896, 202 millions entered the world's markets and last year 427 million dollars' worth was dug from the earth.

Experts now estimate that since the discovery of America 13 billions of gold have been produced, of which 2 billions have disappeared utterly, in spite of the fact that gold is more jealously guarded than any other possession not excepting life. The distribution in round numbers is:

United States, 1,613,000,000; Germany, 1,044,000,000; France, 926,000,000; Russia, 917,000,000; United Kingdom, 565,000,000; Austria-Hungary, 302,000,000; Italy, 258,000,000; Australia, 159,000,000; Egypt, 140,000,000; Argentina, 140,000,000; Turkey, 132,000,000; India, 113,000,000; Japan, 96,000,000; Canada, 66,000,000, and Brazil, 51,000,000.

The influence of the enormous production in recent years upon enterprise and the civilization of the world is not to be calculated or compiled into statistical tables. In this labor, at least, gold can prove the slander in the term "filthy lucre."

THE TURK A FIGHTING MAN.

Austria and Russia have gleaned a lesson from the civil war in Turkey. These two nations which have long coveted Constantinople and have not hesitated in voicing a desire to drive the Turk out of Europe, have learned that any modern campaign would have to deal with a first class fighting man.

The corps which descended upon the sultan's palace and entered the capital did its task swiftly, with a grim humor and a workmanlike manner that impressed the foreigners and gained the admiration of every military man who beheld the army in action. There was little lost motion, little display for the benefit of an awed populace. The enlisted soldiery obeyed orders and, at the same time, used its brains; the ideal fighter boasted in America and despaired of in most of the armies of Europe. The loyal troops fought, with bravery, supporting a lost cause, until overwhelmed by numbers.

The soldiers hanged for complicity in the mutiny of April 13 died stoically. Their deaths recall the cool nerve accredited to the Spaniards of a couple of centuries ago, the commonest of whom were said to apologize to their executioner as they mounted the gibbet platform.

Russia's ambition for a part of the Mediterranean has been sidetracked by troubles within the empire, but Austria has recently spoken of reprisals for the losses through the boycott of Austrian commercial wares. A raid into Turkey might prove extremely humiliating to Franz Josef, a sorrow to round out a reign of bitter afflictions.

THE PARTY OF MIST.

The question, "What is a Democrat-" never was so puzzling as it is today. Fewer persons with courage and enterprise feel prepared to submit a definition that existed on March 1 The Democrat is more a creature of fog, an illusion, a figure modeled for a passing moment from the substance of summer clouds.

Washington has had the experience of viewing the disintegration of the second party of the country, what in Britain would grandiloquently be termed "his majesty's opposition." The scenes attending this crumbling have been partly dramatic, partly amusing, partly a thing for a good man to sorrow over. Senators, labeled in the congressional directory as Democrats, have cast their votes exactly contrary to the pledges of the national platform for which they spoke so floridly in the late campaign. They have demanded support for customs duties, which their constituents desired, in contravention of that ancient slogan of battle, "Tariff for revenue only." Standpat Republicans have carried the senate against the revisionists only by the aid eagerly proffered by the Democrats. Platforms, arguments, the records of a life time, have been ignored in the scramble to gain as high a share of protection as possible.

Free silver we have beheld go into the scrap heap of useless issues. Anti-imperialism lived its rickety period and snapped to splintered bones. And now, "Tariff for revenue only," the one remaining link with Tilden and Cleveland, has been banished. "What is a Democrat?"

SALES BY WEIGHT.

It is remarkable that commerce, ordinarily so sensible and so ready to welcome savings of time and energy and money, should stick so closely throughout the centuries to the ancient systems of measurement. To sell articles by the bushel when solemn court rulings are necessary to define what a bushel is, by the barrel when trade associations have heated discussions before they can agree on the proper size of a barrel, by the basket when a city inspector must watch the baskets in the market place with suspicion—all this seems not merely ridiculous, but wasteful and unbusinesslike.

The sealers of this state—and doubtless of all the states—are agreed that the commodities of the food markets, with the possible exception of berries, should be sold by weight. This is the only reasonable method of sale, saving that constant fluctuation between the purchase of yesterday and those of today between the bushel of Jones and the bushel of Smith. The inconvenience of an alteration in method could be only temporary. The benefits apparent ought to make market people and commission men, farmers and consumers, eager to accept the momentary confusion and have it over with.

THE RAID INTO THE SOUTH.

Mr. Taft's flying visit into the south is probably only the beginning of the campaign, which, as President, he is said to be determined upon. One of the executive's strongest desires is to break the solid south—to break it much more for its welfare than for his own personal credit.

The most interesting phase of this policy is the complacent attitude of the south toward it. The press has not been the least disturbed, has not pulled the alarm bells, or intimated that the sectional rights were about to be looted as spoils for Rome. We have heard of no rising of partisans, anxious and indignant. Business associations have not felt the urgent need, as they felt it in the matter of educational plans of certain northern philanthropists, to adopt resolutions in condemnation and warning. The fact is the south stands as the Merovingian pagan upon the high hill, quiet and smiling, while the perspiring missionary toils upward with the gold encrusted book and the incense pot. The south is ready for conversion. The religion of the Democratic rooster palls upon it. The habit of voting by herds—to little purpose and with no hope of gain—wearies it. The south, once so proud of its solidity, chafes under the term. Sectionalism, provincialism, they are poor words to conjure industries and immigrants, to bring capital and seekers for its unrivaled farm lands.

The signs are that Mr. Taft will turn the trick in 1912. The Solid South! "It fadeth as the mists of morning before the sun."

DON'T BONNET THE HORSE.

We are approaching the days when the drivers and the owners of horses purchase bonnets for their animals out of a laudable feeling of humanity. The custom is now general and one sees the gentle family steed and the big Belgian dray horse millinered alike with protective coverings against the sun.

But hats for horses are a doubtful kindness. Baron Henri d'Anchald, a French scientist, has been making tests of the temperatures in equine headgear. The experiments were made when the temperature was at 79 degrees Fahrenheit in the shady open. Bareheaded horses standing in the sun were found to have a temperature of 86 degrees beneath their forelocks. When straw hats were put on the thermometer registered 98. Under canvas it was 103. A horse trotting in the sun while bare had a temperature of 83 benath the forelock. Under straw the thermometer rose to 91 and beneath cloth to 100 degrees.

The conclusion is that the bonnets prevent the movement of the air and allow of the storing of heat.

The horse, then, is better off without a hat than with one. Probably the sensible and humanitarian thing to do is to sponge the animal's head at frequent intervals and see that he stands in the sun as little as need be.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH EPIDEMIC.

The discovery that the epidemic of the foot-and-mouth disease of last fall and winter was caused by germs in imported smallpox vaccine, will be seized upon joyfully by our noisy anti-vaccinationists as campaign material.

But, though these "crusaders" will present many yards of horrifying inferences, the want of logic in their position and the lack of supporting facts must not be forgotten. There is no instance known to medical science where the foot-and-mouth disease has been contracted by human kind through vaccination. The malady has produced injurious effects by the drinking of warm milk from infected herds, but a doubt has been expressed by experts whether the ailment can be propagated through injection directly into the blood.

The loss suffered by the farmers, dealers and the government on account of the recent epidemic will total $600,000, it is estimated. Yet, in the long run, all the interests may conclude that the experience was worth the price. Certain valuable, if severe, lessons were learned. One of these is that it is safer for the United States to encourage the manufacture of virus and serum products within our own borders in order that perfect supervision may be had and inspection rules be rigidly enforced. The maker can be careless with articles he sends abroad and in many instances government regulation is suspended as involving sales to foreign purchasers. It is just possible that the manufacturer of the original virus was not unaware of the contamination, and while he would not dare sell it at home, felt no compunctions in taking chances of injuring the distant Yankees.

HENRY H. ROGERS.

Unless it be his former partner, John D. Rockefeller, Henry H. Rogers has been criticized adversely more than any other man, probably in American business life. He was the chief target in that wildly fantastic muckraking series of Lawton. Ida Tarbell made him joint conspirator in the Standard Oil promotions. Muckrakers of lesser degree fired their shots at Mr. Rogers. Investigating committees tested his memory—which proved none of the best—and court proceedings sought to involve him in many and sundry offenses.

Mr. Rogers' connection with Standard Oil history is, much of it, beyond defense, but there was a side to the man's nature which may not be so well known. He was a close friend with Mark Twain, who found much companionable and lovable in him. The two joked with each other and abused each other with exaggeration. Doubtless Mr. Clemens will write of Mr. Rogers as he knew him. The little town of Fairhaven also has reason to bless the man so hotly attacked. This was the place where he was born and it was his pleasure to do it kindness, give it beauty and schooling and the practical benefits of a paying water works system, a library and a town hall. He was proud to be known as the superintendent of streets of Fairhaven.

Like many other rich Americans, Mr. Rogers was fascinated by the business of railroading. His promotion of the Tidewater line was largely a fad. He was its principal stockholder and it was his money which supported it in the panic of 1907. There were rumors at the time that Mr. Rogers had the choice of keeping the Tidewater from disaster and sacrificing gilt edged securities long held and prized. The story is that he stuck to his road.

There will be varying estimates of Henry Rogers, but this, we think, nearly all comment will agree upon—that he was a good deal of a man.

NONE ALL-SUFFICIENT.

How often you hear, "He can't tell me my business," and "I know my business!"

The inference is that one is so learned in his trade or his occupation that none may with propriety undertake to instruct a person along those lines. Wisdom and practice have been so mobolized that it is presumption for the untutored layman to offer suggestion. The depths have been sounded, the bayous and bays explored, the rocks split and examined and all that was knowledge, all that was worthy, exhausted therefrom. The Infinite alone—to echo a tone—is in a position to "teach me my business!"

Aside from the absurdity of the assumption this habit of mind is of the extremest harmfulness to the individual, no matter whether he is mechanic, shopkeeper, florist, clerk, business man, doctor, lawyer, politician or railroad president. For no man by any means knows all about his particular pursuit. None can ever know. He may never discover all of the interests which touch his own interest. The simplest of things, the spurned and ignored, the most vagrant advice, may prove to have a bearing, a relationship, which might turn the scale from a mere living into a fortune. The truth is—any of us can be told our business and who shall say who may tell this or who may not?

James J. Hill revolutionized an entire department of his railroad system after hearing the comment of an agent at a railroad flag station. No man is in so lowly a position that he might not have ideas of value—and Mr. Hill knew this and kept his ears open. He wanted some one to tell him his business.

It is told how Thomas A. Edison sought for a practical and cheap filament for the incandescent lamp. Platinum, the best then known, was out of the question because of its high cost. A fibre which could be burned and leave a filament of pure carbon this was the second best in Mr. Edison's opinion, but no one knew where such a fibre was to be found. He experimented with everything at hand. He sent agents abroad, into outland places, in the jungles and the tropics, in search of that perfect fibre. Tons of stuff he received and experimented with. And then one day—when utterly weary and discouraged—he sat down to review those unbroken months of failure. His eyes lit upon a smoking lamp. He noted the deposit of carbon about the chimney top. Possibly—he thought—this material compressed might prove available. He tried it. Eureka! He had found the practical filament.

The point of this story is that Mr. Edison retained the open mind. He didn't think he knew it all. The idea of testing a simple article of commerce, lampblack, came to himself. But had another person suggested it he would have been as ready to try it. A man who can take a hint from a smoking lamp would never hesitate to accept the advice of a neighbor.

Modern manufacturers and merchants are recognizing that the tip from the "rank outsider" is sometimes pure gold. They pay high prices to men who enter their plants and places of business, sometimes unfamiliar with the industry under inspection, and direct attention to improvements. The theory is the principle of the mind unhampered by detail and lacking the blinders of habit.

Think of the hundreds of technical magazines published in this country. They speak of a need, of an actual hunger, for information which may be turned to practical account. These journals are teaching their subscribers "their business," telling them not infrequently wherein they are stupid and foolish and stubborn and wasteful. That the periodicals prosper is testimony they are doing good, that, however unpalatable it sometimes is to discover one has been doing things the wrong way, the craftsmen and the merchants and the manufacturers and the members of the professions are not always satisfied "they know their business."

THE ENDLESS DISCUSSION.

The most ancient of controversies, questions of taxation, are debated in many languages this spring. In English it runs a scale from the attempt of the southern road to avoid assessment, because another one has dodged it successfully, to the radical measures of Lloyd George in Britain. Germany has in mind to tax each incandescent light used by the householder, and in Vienna the finance minister presents a budget calling for the taxation of widows and childless married coupies.

The proposals made in Great Britain are of extreme interest to all the world. For if the extremists are able to get the budget through parliament other nations will feel that new sources of taxes have been discovered and will, in time doubtless, attempt to adopt some of the features. One of Lloyd George's plans is a heavy levy upon the unearned increment. The present idea is to make this apply to future increases in values, but there are some who advocate a retrospective impost so that tribute could be raised from the enormous booming in land prices the country has experienced in the last quarter century.

Oldest of controversies, we said. Possibly the adjustment of taxation is a thing never to be. One thing is certain—if it were settled tomorrow great number of theorists, political economists, statesmen, dreamers and curbstone speechmakers would starve to death within a month.

THE MAN MOST NEEDED.

The vice president is an acceptable recruit to the army battling for good roads, but he is not the partisan most needed. Another man is required, one not with trained voice or knewledge of the fine technique of road building, but one with a vote. He is the farmer.

No person in the world realizes the need of good roads so much as the agriculturist. He is the one whose living and convenience and comfort come nearer to having dependence upon suitable highways. Not only is the cost of marketing farm products made light or heavy by the state of the roads, but the price of land is usually high or low as the roads are good or bad. Yet the farmer has, perhaps, not in a dozen instances made an issue on the matter of highway improvement. The subject is mentioned with becoming bombast in convention resolutions, but the business stops there. Candidates are not pledged to work for appropriations. If they deliver an occasional speech in the interest of roads this has been accepted in lieu of work. While Ohio has heard endless eloquence for years beyond remembering, what the state has done for good roads is almost entirely negligible. The sop thrown the counties at the last session is even now made the object of petty political squabbling. Long ago—had the farmers of Ohio expressed their wish with emphasis—the good roads question would have been discussed and settled. The county commissioners engaged in the attempt to manipulate the state fund might, in that case, have other considerations now to worry their pin-point intellectualities.

TWO PICTURES.

Adachi Kinnosuke, an editor of Tokio, wrote last month of the extraordinary finances of Japan. The article seemed to have governmental inspiration, setting forth the hopes and ambitions of Nippon, that all might read. In peroration this journalist said:

The greatest asset of the Japanese Empire of today is the patriotism of her people. Within twenty-five years, perhaps at the rate of conquest western commercialism and the doctrine of individual rights are making among our people, we shall be as civilized as any other so-called Christian nation. As yet, however, the state of the imagination of the people of Japan is greater than all the gods. The glorification of the state is the Mecca of all our dreams. We take very seriously all matters connected with the state; so seriously, indeed, that we have no sense of humor about them. That is the reason why we caricature all of our eight million gods in the pleasantest of moods in the world, but would not for a moment permit any one to caricature His Majesty the Emperor. This also is the reason why we have no graft in our government finance. And that saves a lot of money for our country.

The cable news from Tokio in the last few days has been almost entirely about a scandal involving the attempt of a company to sell the government the sugar monopoly. Large sums are said to have been spent in bribing members of parliament. Twenty have been arrested and thirty others are involved.

The word graft obtained its evil application in the United States, but graft is not a strictly American possession. Spain and Russia tolerate forms of it that could never have existed here. England accepts the graft of title exchange for party funds as an institution worthy of maintenance. Phases of it are described as perquisites in Germany.

No country may boast complete freedom from the unpatriotic and the dishonorable.

BRAZIL'S EXPERIMENT.

Destruction of surplus production as a means of maintaining prices is not unknown in America, but its theory has lacked hearty advocacy of late for a number of very excellent reasons. Brazil is to make a test of this mischievous practice by setting fire to several thousand of bags of coffee, thus assuring—the state argues—a high rate and a market seeking to obtain coffee instead of seeking to get rid of it.

An experiment of the sort was made once by certain commission merchants of Chicago, who bought up fruit in Wisconsin in a year of heavy yield and dumped carloads of it into Lake Michigan. The policy, if generally adopted, might suggest to the farmers that fire would save wheat from ever getting below a dollar a bushel. Our lake carriers, to make business, might jettison cargoes of iron ore, preventing its storage and making sure that the boats are kept busy.

The fallacy of destruction as a price booster is fairly plain. But aside from that there is a recognized moral obligation upon producers and dealers. To destroy anything useful goes against the grain of anyone. There have been seasons when some of the growers along the Erie shore have let the grapes rot upon the vines because gathering them meant a loss of money, but this is altogether different from garnering the yield of the earth and deliberately giving it to the waves or the flames.

WAR AND THE FIRE OF GENIUS.

War-talk and peace-talk are oddly blended in the world's conversation. Nations feverishly hasten the building of Dreadnoughts, experiment with airships, high angle guns and new and terrifically destructive explosives, while blandly assuring one another that they are the recipients of their most distinguished consideration.

From the data gathered by attaches with the Japanese fleet in the war with Russia British naval constructors designed the first Dreadnought. She was the embodiment of modern naval warfare, the development of practice and tests under the most deadly conditions. Great Britain has reason to regret the laying of the Dreadnought's keel. For Germany, France, Russia, the United States, Austria, Brazil, Argentina and Chile have caught the epidemic. In the plans of Germany England reads aggression, invasion, death and the disintegration of the empire. The German kaiser dreads a coalition of England, Russia and France. Austria's complete domination by Berlin is predicted to be at hand. Certain American "dopesters" forecast the smashing of the Monroe doctrine and others behold our Pacific ports seized and occupied by the little brown men of the Far East. South America is nervous and angry and the three strongest republics watch one another with wrathful suspicion.

Our honorable mayor says that the immigation regulations of the United States are among the greatest foes to a universal peace. Ah, if the world would but make pilgrimage to the fountainhead of true wisdom!

THE OFFSHOOTS.

The Socialists assure us that their convictions are a religion. Not politics, they declare, not opinions, move them to subscribe to the faith. This, doubtless, explains why the parlor Socialist and the torchlight Socialist do not seem to be in accord, why one sneers at the other, why the information you get from one man resembles the other's only in the similarity of terms. They are of different sects. George Bernard Shaw, the most active of English propagandists, appears to assume that he and his followers alone belong to the true church. He writes:

Their worship of Marx (of whose works they are for the most part ignorant, and of whose views they are intellectually incapable) and their repetition of shibboleths about the class war and the socialization of all the means of production, distribution and exchange have no more application to practical politics than the Calvinistic covenants which so worried Cromwell. . . . These little sects are ignorant and incapable in public affairs and in many cases their assumption of an extreme position is an excuse for doing nothing under cover of demanding the impossible.

In a Socialistic state might not these sects be multiplied a thousandfold? And, unless there is agreement, how can the governing agencies govern? What sect so meek and lowly as to accept the right of any other creed to enforce its articles upon the world?

Admiral Dewey thinks the American navy is the best on earth. London newspapers please copy.

"Watchman, what of the night?" asks Mr. Bryan. He already has a pretty fair idea of what the morning after election is like.

If the Mad Mullah is really after Mr. Roosevelt, he is a very foolish person. Somebody should kindly hand the Mad Mullah a bit of advice.

If Mars has really been signalling us for 500,000 years, there is some comfort in the thought that we haven't been asleep all that time.

Admiral Dewey says the American navy is the best in the world. Which leads to the suspicion that the admiral does not read the magazines.

Mr. Hisgen has returned to the Democratic party, but on account of the advance in the price of meat, and for other reasons, he did not receive a fatted calf welcome.

Texas preacher declares that every girl should be taught the use of the rolling pin. If she expects to get married and hopes to maintain a respectable batting average, the good man is right.

Mr. Patten makes the statement that wheat will go higher yet. Inasmuch as Mr. Patten has made a special study of wheat, he will have to be given credit for knowing what he is talking about. Furthermore, he could probably make wheat lie down and roll over three times.

The Friend o' the Family.

Though I'm a sensible young man
And not unduly vain,
From them that calls me "Handsome Dan"
You'll know I'm not so plain;
Yet I'll not come into my own
Until I've seen the end
Of one Cornelius Malone,
Who was my father's friend.

"Oho!" remarked the ancient one,
"So you're ould Peter Dooley's son.
Mayhap 'tis you're the likely lad,
But troth, you'll niver be
The man your father was, Bedad!"
He says, says he.

The store had but a middling trade
When left to me by Pop,
But now it's growing, and I've made
Additions to the shop.
Yet each progressive step I've shown
I now must needs defend
Against the tongue of old Malone,
Who was my father's friend.

"So thrade is purty good wid you?
Ah, well," says he, "I hope it's thrue;
I pray it still may grow an' thrive,
But, faix, 'twill niver be
Like whin your father was alive,
Bedad!" says he.

—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

Saturday Evening Post.

Griffin Halstead, who lives in Virginia, has a Great Dane pup. One morning when Halstead was not coming in to business in Washington a neighbor came over and said: "Let us go and get a few rabbits. I've got the best rabbit-dog in the world."

Halstead was willing and they went out, the Great Dane pup following. Presently a rabbit was started and the the rabbit-dog went after it, giving full tongue. The Great Dane fussed around for a time, not knowing what to do, but Halstead finally made it understand that the plot was to chase along after the other dog. The pup started. Presently he got into the spirit of the thing and went lumbering along after the hound, and a little later began to give husky tougue himself.

The rabbit went into a bit of woods on top of a hill. The hound trailed in after and the Great Dane, which had been gaining rapidly, followed. The two dogs were barking furiously. Suddenly there came a silence.

"I wonder what's the matter?" said the man who owned the hound. "I don't know why that dog quit baying. Let's go and see."

They hurried to the woods and found what had happened. The Great Dane had caught the rabbit-dog.

A negro was convicted of murder in Oklahoma and was called to the bar for sentence.

"William Brown," said the judge severely, "you have been found guilty of murder in the first degree, and after fair and impartial trial, and I sentence you to be hanged by the neck until dead on the fourth day of August."

The negro was dazed. Just before he was led away from the court room he turned to the judge and said, in a wheedling voice: "Shorely, jedge, you-all don' mean this comin' August, does ye?"

Saturday Evening Post.

When "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, and Colonel John R. Fellows, of New York, were in congress together they were continually twitting one another about their respective war records.

"I know this man Fellows perfectly," said Allen, at a dinner one night. "He was born in York state and went south before the war with a Bible, a school book and a bridle. He hoped to be able to get a place to preach, but, failing that, he thought he would teach school, and, failing that, he had determined to steal a horse and ride back north.

"He did get a place teaching school in Arkansas, and while he was there the war broke out. Learning that a large number of southern troops were about to start north, with a commissary attached, he enlisted. He was captured and taken to a northern prison.

"Three separate and distinct times our exchange officer, Colonel Hatch, made all arrangements to exchange him, but each time he refused to be exchanged or even to budge from his prison, remaining fat and contented, in captivity until the war was over."

"It is true," replied Colonel Fellows, "that Colonel Hatch tried to effect an exchange for me three seperate times, but I was a poor man and could not meet the colonel's terms.

"But, speaking to 'Private' John Allen, I will say that he served in the war and was captured. After a brief experience the Yankees turned him loose, saying they would rather fight him than feed him. Now, it is not meet for me to speculate on the processes of a man's mind. I do not care to go into motives, but, after years of thinking on the reason why Mr. Allen advertises himself as 'Private' John Allen, I am as far as ever from a satisfactory explanation as to why any man should be proud of the fact that he was the only man among 600,000 men who was unfit for promotion."

In the summer of 1900, when J. W. McLoud had a party of surveyors working through the state of Arkansas, surveying and locating his Midland Valley road, the surveying corps stopped at a farmhouse and shouted for the farmer.

The Arkansan came out and the surveyors asked him if they could get a drink.

"Certainly, boys," he said; "I'll give you the best I've got, and the best I've got is buttermilk."

"That will be fine," the surveyors said, and the old farmer gave each of the gang a glass of buttermilk.

"It's mighty good," said one of the surveyors to McLoud.

"Yes, indeed," McLoud replied, "but it would be better if we had some ice to put in it."

Turning to the farmer, McLoud said: "Have you any ice?"

"Ice!" shouted the farmer, tugging at his whiskers. "Ice! Who in blazes ever heard of ice in July?"

Saturday Evening Post.

Senator Beveridge was speaking at an outdoor meeting at Garrett, Indiana.

"Is there anybody present who desires to ask me a question?" he inquired. "Speak up, now; don't be afraid. Has any one a question he desires to ask me?"

There was a pause. Nobody volunteered. Finally an old gray-bearded man said: "Yes, durn ye, I'll ask one."

"What is it, my friend?" inquired Beveridge.

"I'll ask ye one and here 'tis: Why don't ye pass the President's message, durn ye? Answer me that if ye can!"

An indignant Indiana citizen told the tale of his woes to Editor Charles B. Landis, at Delphi, where Mr. Landis edits when not busy with congress.

"Now, Charley," said the indignant Indianian, "I want to put it to you to see if I ain't right. Away along last spring an agent came around peddling portable bath tubs. Now, of course, I ain't got no bath tub in my house no more than some of my neighbors; so I bought one, thinkin' it was a good thing.

"He promised delivery the first of April, but no tub. In June and July and August and September, not a sign of one. Now he comes along, here in the middle of October, with the bathing season practically over, and wants me to take this tub, and I'll be durned if I do it."

The Circle.

A stately old professor was approached by a young student one day in one of the western colleges. Trying hard to keep back a smile, the young man asked:

"Professor, you say you are an expert at solving riddles, don't you?"

"I claim that I am, my boy."

"Well, then, can you tell me why a man who has seen London on a foggy day and a man who has not seen London on a foggy day are like a ham sandwich?"

The professor studied for a long time, venturing several answers, which proved to be wrong. Finally, at his wit's end, he said:

"I give it up."

"It's easy," said the other.

"Give it up," repeated the professor.

"Why," was the reply, "one has seen the mist and the other has missed the scene. Ha, ha! Catch on?"

"Of course I do, you lunatic! But what has the sandwich to do with it?"

After the youngster had recovered from a spell of laughter, he chuckled.

"Oh, that's what you bite on."

Varieties

France has 7,883 postal savings banks.

As a rule white blossoms are the most fragrant.

The English army now has 44,000 total abstainers.

The coal fields of England cover 11,000 square miles.

The world's yearly record of earthquakes is 30,000.

The number of automobiles registered in London is nearly 35,000.

The vineyards of Algeria produce the greatest yield to the acre.

Boys grow most rapidly in their seventeenth year; girls in their fifteenth.

Taking the average for the world, there is one newspaper for 82,000 inhabitants.

The latest Japanese bank notes are printed in English as well as Japanese characters.

The Laplander's average height is four feet 11 inches for the men and two inches less for the women.

The most illiterate country of Europe is Roumania. Two-thirds of the population can neither read nor write.

A Dutch newspaper controverts the prevailing notion that a sandy soil is essential to the cultivation of bulbs.

The recently discovered eighth satellite of Jupiter has been successfully photographed at Greenwich observatory.

The reclamation service of the United States has already committed itself to irrigation projects which will involve a total cost of $90,000,000.

Modern motor steam plows are being introduced into India. One of them, made in London, can plow ten to fifteen acres of ordinary ground a day.

Anna Held, with $1,000,000 saved from her earnings in the United States, announces in sailing for Europe she will retire from the stage after the coming season.

John D. Rockefeller has caused to be constructed on his estate a rainbow fountain that throws out the prismatic colors whenever the sun is shining.

Italian women may not engage in any industrial pursuit which occupies them time at night. Males under 15 years of age are also barred from night work.

Opalescent glass for use in the manufacture of stained glass windows is made in this country in a manner which cannot be duplicated and this material is shipped all over Europe.

Many accidents have happened from the presence of too great a proportion of carbon monoxide in the illuminating gas at Washington, D. C., and now it is proposed to restrict the amount to 10 per cent of the volume.

In a few days the tercentennary of the discovery of Lake Champlain by the man whose name it bears, will be celebrated by New York and Vermont. A statue of the discoverer will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies.

About 5,000 trespassers are killed every year on the railroads, and 5,000 more are seriously injured, many of them becoming public charges. It is calculated that from one-half to three-fourths of these trespassers are tramps.

At the funeral of Fred Cavalla, a London costermonger, the open hearse was drawn by six horses. One of the leaders horses was ridden by a postilion dressed in black, while four bearers carrying white wands walked beside the hearse.

Miss E. D. Todd, of New York, expects to have an aeroplane ready for its trial flight early in June. The machine is for one passenger and she expects to drive herself. It is to be propelled by a gasoline engine and is planned to have a maximum speed of forty miles an hour.

With four military airship stations already built on the western frontier, the German war office has decided to erect similar stations on its eastern border. The first of the eastern stations will be erected at Lyck, close to the Russian frontier. The new aerial station will have a huge shed capable of accommodating two airships of the Zeppelin type.

Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, superior general of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, has just returned to this country from Brazil, where she recently opened a college for the higher education of women. This is the fifth eighth institution established by the order in twenty-seven years. The institutions include colleges, schools, hospitals and orphan asylums.

The African lion, according to Winston Churchill, is no seeker of quarrels. His object throughout is to save his skin. "In being unarmed," he writes, "you meet a lion or seven lions unexpectedly, all you need do, according to my information, is to speak to them sternly and they will slink away, while you throw stones at them to hurry them up. All the highest authorities recommend this."

Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, England, Russia, Sweden and the United States were, in 1908, represented among the twelve expeditions which were struggling toward the pole. Eight leaders were veterans—Peary and Cook, of the United States; Bernier, of Canada; Ericksen and Rasmussen, of Denmark; Charcot, of France; Shackelton, of England and Geer, of Sweden.

Boston, where the idea of an annual work horse parade originated, does not seem to have much trouble in getting the money necessary for prizes and other expenses of the procession on Memorial day. A recent report shows about $2,500 available for this year. Among the innovations proposed is a class for champion horses, open to animals that have taken the gold medal in years past.

Today the collection in the National Library comprises nearly 2,500,000 items—1,500,000 printed books and pamphlets, and nearly 1,000,000 other articles (manuscripts, maps, prints and music)—by all means the largest collection of the western hemisphere and perhaps the third largest in the world. They are increasing at the rate of about 70,000 books and pamphlets and 50,000 other articles yearly.

An old inmate of an almshouse in New York, age 86, who had never in the course of her life seen an automobile before, fainted in a dead faint in the street when she was whizzed by her, with the horn tooting. When she recovered she told the doctor who had attended her that she had been in hell and had seen satan. Some of the victims of the speed maniacs would quarrel with her diagnosis of the situation.

In connection with his new system of wireless telephony Prof. Q. Majorana uses

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

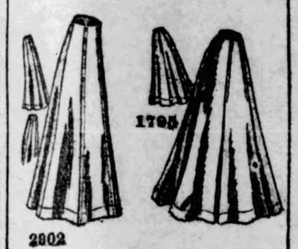
From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.



2480—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist. An excellent model for everyday wear developed in linen, lawn or duck. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2894—Ladies' Shirt Waist. This simple little model is adaptable to any of the plain or figured summer materials. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2642—Girls' Dress, consisting of a blouse slipped over the head, and a one-piece plaited skirt joined to an underwaist having a shield facing. A very good model for serge, flannel, linen or duck. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2883—Girls' Dress, with high or Dutch neck. A pretty model for cotton voile, chambray, linen or lawn and may be prettily trimmed with lace or embroidery insertion or edging. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2902—Ladies' Seven-Gored High-Waistline Skirt, closing at back and having an inverted box-plait or habit style. White French serge was used for this stylish skirt though it is adaptable to almost any of the season's suitings. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

1795—Misses' Seven-Gored Plaited Skirt. Heavy linen, duck, khaki or serge make up well in this neat model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1405—Misses' and Girls' Guimpe with simulated yoke and high Dutch or square neck. The model here illustrated is adaptable to all materials. 3 sizes—6 to 13 years.

2274—Boys' Blouse. Linen, chambray, duck or pongee are all adaptable to this blouse. 5 sizes—5 to 13 years.

2886—Ladies' Empire Slip or Combination Corset Cover and Petticoat in ankle length and with straight or circular flounce. Sheer white nainsook was used for this dainty undergarment, the waist portion and flounce being of embroidery flouncing. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2901—Misses' High Waistline Sailor Suit, closing at left side of front and having high or low neck. Navy blue or white duck or a combination of both would be pretty developed in this pretty model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2888—Ladies' Shirtwaist, with Dutch Neck. An excellent model for Persian lawn, batiste, nainsook, China silk or cotton voile. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2500—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, having sleeves in full length with link cuffs or in seven-eighths length with roll-up cuffs. Heavy white linen was used in this neat every-day waist, though it is adaptable to almost any material. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2552—Girls' Dress with Fancy Yoke. A pretty little model for chambray linen, lawn or Indian-head cotton. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2879—Child's Dress with Long or Short Sleeves. Any light shade of dimity or lawn make this a pretty little frock. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2125—Ladies' Seven-gored Bell Skirt, in round or ankle length. Serge, Panama cloth, mohair, ducks or linen are all adaptable to this model. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2432—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt, closed at left side of front and with an inverted box-plait at center back seam. An excellent model for any of the washable materials as it is very easy to launder. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2578—Misses' Corset Cover, closing at back with front yoke and with or without the ruffles. A good model for nainsook, batiste, Persian or Victoria lawn or thin cambric. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2445—Childs' Overalls, with back extending to or above waistline. Heavy linen, khaki or duck are mostly used for these little overalls. 6 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2913—Misses' Bathing Suit, closing in front and having Empire back, consisting of a blouse having an applied plastron yoke, a three-piece plaited skirt joined to the blouse, and separate chemisette and bloomers. Navy blue or black mohair stitched with red makes this a very charming model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2880—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Coat in 42-inch length. 7 sizes—32 to 44. Any of the season's coatings are adaptable to this stylish model.

HENRY H. ROGERS FATALLY STRICKEN

Man Who Long Was Real Head of Standard Oil Dies at His Home in New York.

New York, May 19.—Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, died at his house, No. 3 East Seventy-eighth street, about seven o'clock this morning.

Mr. Rogers rose as he usually did, about 5 o'clock this morning. At 6 o'clock he complained of feeling ill and a physician was hurriedly sent for. His heart action was weak and it was apparent that he was suffering from a stroke of apoplexy. This was the second illness of this nature suffered by Mr. Rogers, the first having occurred in July, 1907. In pite of all that could be done for him this morning Mr. Rogers sank rapidly and the end came peacefully at 7 o'clock.

The news of the death came as a surprise to Wall street. Mr. Rogers was at the office of the Standard Oil company yesterday and appeared to be in good spirits. His health has been failing somewhat for several years past and he had curtailed his financial operations to some extent on that account, but continued to perform the duties of vice president of the Standard Oil.

Declines in stocks in which he was interested resulted from the death of H. H. Rogers. Amalgamated Copper, of which he was president, opened a point lower and declined further on succeeding sales. Consolidated Gas fell 2½. The market generally, however, held firm.

Following the seizure of apoplexy in 1907, Mr. Rogers began putting his affairs in order and he has been out of the stock market entirely for months. His interests in all of the corporations with which he had been identified have been placed in other hands during the past year. This step was taken in order to safeguard his properties in the event of sudden death.

Real Head of Standard.

While John D. Rockefeller has been more generally in the limelight, H. H. Rogers for years has been the real head and front of the Standard Oil company, of which he was one of the largest stockholders, as well as vice president and a director. Mr. Rogers, known as one of the leading capitalists of the United States, was also connected with many other great corporations of the country, either as a director or in an official capacity, notably the Amalgamated Copper company, National Transit company and National Fuel Gas company, New York.

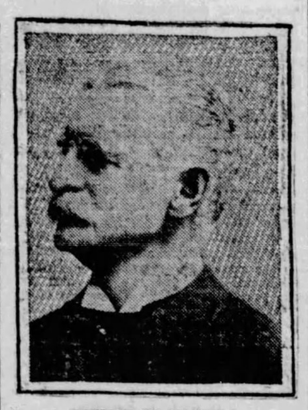
Mr. Rogers has also figured prominently in railroad enterprises during the past few years, his latest being the Virginian Railway company, originally the Deepwater and Tidewater propositions, in Virginia. The main portion of the Virginian was opened for traffic recently, and negotiations are on for a traffic combination with the Hocking Valley, which will give the Virginian a traffic outlet to the lakes.

Opens Rich Fields.

The Virginia railway opens up a rich bituminous coal country in West Virginia, extending 443 miles rom Deep Water, W. Va., to a tidewater terminal at Sewall's Point, Va. This road was distinctively an individual undertaking of Mr. Rogers, and he personally bore the greater part of the cost of its construction, which has been estimated at $40,000,000. Mr. Rogers had embarked on his venture some time prior to the financial panic of 1907, which checked similar undertakings by some of the large railroad companies of this country, but the work of building this line went on to its finish mainly because of the enrrgy and faith which Mr. Rogers applied to the achievement of his purpose.

Early in April, only a few weeks ago, the road was opened to traffic and Mr. Roger invited some of his friends from New York to visit the new line and witness the arrival of the first train load of coal at Sewall's Point. Governor Swanson, of Virginia, United States senators, members of congress and several hundred business men of Virginia an West Virginia were guests of Mr. Rogers and shared with him in celebrating the successful termination of his labor of building a railroad which was to be almost his personal and individual property.

The opening of the road was a success and after receiving the congratulations of the officials and business men of Virginia upon his splendid courage which had carried the work to its finish in the face of great financial obstacles, Mr. Rogers returned to his home in New York to enjoy the satisfaction which come to any man upon the accomplishment of the greatest achievement of an active business life.



HENRY H. ROGERS.

Rogers. "It is so unexpected," he added. "I had no knowledge that he was sick."

When asked for an expression as to the effect Mr. Rogers' death would have upon the stock market and the business world, Mr. Rockefeller replied:

"Mr. Rogers' death is a great personal loss to the business world, but it is only a personal loss. I am not familiar with his business affairs, but have every reason to believe they were all in good shape. Mr. Rogers has not been actively connected with the affairs of the Standard Oil company for over two years."

Continuing, and plainly showing that the news had greatly affected him, Mr. Rockefeller said: "I have seen Mr. Rogers but twice during the past five years, and on both of these occasions, as well as often before, I urged him, with tears in my eyes, not to work so hard. I also pleaded with the members of his immediate family whenever I met them, to urge him not to work so hard. But he was so strong, so powerful, that no one could persuade him to cast aside his burdens. I can only repeat that his death is a great personal loss, but that the business world will be in no way unfavorably affected."

TRUST HONORS ROGERS

Standard Oil Work Was Suspended During the Hours of the Funeral.

New York, May 21.—The funeral of Henry H. Rogers, president of the Amalgamated Copper company and active head of the Standard Oil company, today brought together many men prominent in the business and financial districts of this city to honor the memory of the man who had won their admiration not only for his unusual energy, courage and business ability, but because of likeable qualities as an associate and friend.

Although attendance at the services in the Church of the Messiah at 10 a. m. was limited to intimate business associates and personal friends, these included so many of the leaders of the New York business and financial world that their absence from their usual activities had a noticeable effect upon the business of the financial district.

Standard Paused Work.

Throughout the country, wherever the Standard Oil company had a station or a branch, there was a pause during the hours of the funeral, to mark the passing of the first vice president of the company, and one of the men who had helped materially to make it a great organization.

Orders had been issued last night that all operations of the company should cease between 10 and 12 o'clock, and these applied to every one of the 67,000 employes—a condition which had not existed in the giant corporation since its foundation more than 35 years ago.

John D. Rockefeller could not attend the funeral, as he is in Hot Springs, Va., with Mrs. Rockefeller, whose convalescence from a severe illness would not permit him to leave her. He sent however, a long telegram to Mrs. Rogers, expressing grief.

The funeral cortege left the Rogers home at 3 East Seventy-eighth street at 9:30 a. m. and proceeded to the Church of the Messiah in East Thirty-fourth street, where the Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, pastor emeritus, a friend of the dead capitalist, conducted the funeral service according to the Unitarian forms.

During the services a quartet from the Mendelssohn Glee club sang several selections, including the hymns Lead, Kindly Light, Nearer, My God, to Thee, and Abide With Me.

Distinguished Pall-Bearers.

On the list of pall bearers were the names of William Rockefeller, John D. Archbold, E. T. Bedford and James A. Moffet, of the Standard Oil company; Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain); E. H. Harriman, Elbert H. Gary, Melville E. Stone, James M. Beck, John D. Ryan, Charles A. Peabody, George W. Perkins, Dr. C. C. Rice, Raymond du Puy, General James Jourdan and Col. A. G. Payne.

The Lotos club, of which Mr. Rogers was a member, sent a number of its members to represent it at the services and a special delegation from the Norfolk, Va., board of trade, who were interested with Mr. Rogers in the building of his Virginia railroad, came to attend the funeral.

Following the services at the Church of the Messiah the body was taken to the Grand Central [illegible] and placed on board a special [illegible] left for Fairhaven, Mass.

TAFT EXTOLS ENEMY

In Petersburg Speech He Praises the Men Who Ware the Gray.

Petersburg, Va., May 19.—Paying a tribute alike to the soldiers of the Union and the Confederacy, President Taft today witnessed the unveiling of a heroic statue in bronze erected at Fort Mahone, on the Petersburg battlefields, in memory of General Hartranft and the Pennsylvania volunteers who fell in the stubborn fight about his outpost of the Confederate capital.

The President arrived in Petersburg shortly after 9 o'clock in his private car, the Olympia, which was detached from the regular Washington train at Richmond and was run as a special from there. The President went immediately to Fort Stedman, where a tablet was unveiled and then proceeded to Fort Mahone, where he made his first address of the day.

The day was warm, but the sky was overcast throughout the morning and the heat was not seriously felt. The President coupled with every tribute to the Union soldiers a eulogy of the valor of the Confederates. "We could not dedicate this beautiful and enduring memorial," he declared, "to the volunteer soldiers of Pennsylvania with such a sense of its justice and appropriateness had they not been confronted by an enemy capable of resisting their assaults with equal vigor and fortitude. Pennsylvania's pride must be in the victory achieved by her men against so brave, resolute and resourceful an enemy."

The President declared that the battle between the states had to be fought and that enduring good had come of it.

After the exercises at the fort the President was the guest of the city at a luncheon to which more than 1,000 invitations were issued.

It was served on the sloping lawns of Central Hill mansion, the home of Charles Hall Davis, president of the Petersburg chamber of commerce. This old home, one of the show places of the south, was gaily decked in flags and bunting. The President and the honor guests were served at a table on the wide veranda. Others at the luncheon sat at tables beneath the trees. Growing flowers decorated the tables.

It was arranged that Mrs. Taft should be the guest of thirty women at luncheon in the main dining hall of the mansion, but illness prevented her acceptance.

CUT OUT TONSILS

Would Prevent Tuberculosis, Say Doctors.

Chicago, May 21.—The cutting out of the tonsils from the throats of every one subject to tuberculosis is advocated by physicians attending the fifty-fourth annual convention of the Illinois Homeopathic Medical association.

Tonsils clearly had no friends among the assembled physicians. One described them as "things good for breeding microbes." Another declared that no use for them ever has been found and the agreement was general that their removal checked incipient tuberculosis.

"Twelve per cent of the children examined recently," said Dr. Richard H. Street, "were found infected with incipient tuberculosis. When the tonsils of these children were removed there was complete recovery."

Dr. Burton Hazeltine, secretary of the association, expressed his approval of this indictment of tonsils. He added that medical men have been unable to find a reason for the existence of tonsils and have decided that they are a "vestigal organ like the appendix, of a lower form of life."

"It is probable," he continued, "that they had some use in some previous stage of animal life, but we are unable to discover what that use was."

KING CAN'T ESCAPE

Promoter Must Serve Term in Prison.

Boston, May 24.—Exceptions of Cardenio F. King, the promoter, who was convicted in December of larceny and embezzlement, were overruled by the supreme court today and will be compelled to serve the sentence of 10 years' imprisonment imposed at his trial. King was engaged in selling stock in various corporations and was charged with having failed to make returns to customers.

FALL FROM TRAINS

Many Brakemen Killed and Injured.

Harrisburg, Pa., May 24.—Investigations made into the causes of numerous accidents to employes of railroads conducted by the state railroad commission during the first quarter of this year show that brakemen, section hands and firemen furnished most of the killed and injured in the order named.

The total number of fatalities for the quarter was 74, of which 21 were brakemen and 20 section hands. Most of the brakemen were killed by falling or jumping from trains. The number of brakemen hurt reaches 423 in a total of 1,369 persons injured.

THINK HARD

It Pays to Think About Food.

The unthinking life some people lead often causes trouble and sickness, illustrated in the experience of a lady in Fond Du Lac, Wis.

"About four years ago I suffered dreadfully from indigestion, always having eaten whatever I liked, not thinking of the digestible qualities. This indigestion caused palpitation of the heart so badly I could not walk up a flight of sairs without sitting down once or twice to regain breath and strength.

"I became alarmed and tried dieting, wore my clothes very loose, and many other remedies, but found no relief.

"Hearing of the virtues of Grape-Nuts and Postum, I commenced using them in place of my usual breakfast of coffee, cakes, or hot biscut, and in one week's time was relieved of sour stomach and other ills attending indigestion. In a month's time my heart was performing its functions naturally and I could climb stairs and hills and walk long distances.

"I gained ten pounds in this short time, and my skin became clear and I completely regained my health and strength. I continue to use Grape-Nuts and Postum for I feel that I owe my good health entirely to their use. "There's a Reason."

I like the delicious flavour of Grape-Nuts and by making Postum according to directions, it tastes similar to mild high grade coffee."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BURTON WINS BATTLE

He Prevents Reduction of Duty on Carbons After a Spirited Debate.

Washington, May 22.—Senator Burton fought a successful battle with Senators La Follette and Gore over the duty on carbons in the senate yesterday. The decisive vote was 44 to 36, about the usual number of Republican senators insurging.

La Follette and Gore attacked the National Carbon company, of Cleveland, as a "wicked trust" and as a creature, or at least a cousin of the Standard Oil company. They declared that the duty Burton wanted fixed was designed to protect this concern in an exploitation of the plain people since the carbons are used for lighting the streets, and finally paid for by the public.

Burton's pointed retort was to suggest that these attacks were "the product of diseased imaginations and muckraking attacks upon those engaged in a legitimate business." James Parmelee, of Cleveland, is president of this company and an old-time friend of Senator Burton. Col. Myron T. Herrick is a vice president of the company.

Wanted Duty Cut.

The duty fixed on carbons was 65 cents a hundred for the higher grade and 35 cents a hundred for the lower. La Follette and Gore wanted this cut in two or even in three and an ad valorem duty.

It was a scrappy day in the senate all around. Again the sharp language of the senators showed the damaging effect of the tedious tariff debate on their nerves. Aldrich and Hale each served notices of a purpose to cut the talk short as soon as possible. Hale brought in a resolution for night sessions to last until 11 o'clock.

Aldrich announced that he would make another effort to have a date fixed by agreement for a vote. This is a move to try and fix the responsibility for the delay on the insurgent Republicans, who are doing most of the speechifying.

When Beveridge, one of the insurgent leaders, tried to joke Senator Hale, he got a savage rebuke which disconcerted even the self-possessed Indiana statesman. One of the topics they talked about was the duty on automobiles, which everybody seemed disposed to treat jocularly.

Beveridge Is Scored.

Hale had talked a few minutes on automobiles when Beveridge worked off his joke, which was that Hale, who has objected to so much speech making, was not talking to the point. Whereupon the veteran from Maine made the following remarks with slow, deliberate emphasis, and in an acid voice:

"I don't include myself in colloquies for the sake of getting into the papers. I don't cary a debit and a credit account with the finance committee, voting with them half the time and against them half the time, for the sake of strengthening my strategic position. I cannot submit to the polite censure of my young friend from Indiana, who is always criticising senators older than himself, but not better senators, of course. When I have any remarks to make I shall make them and they will be appropriate to the schedule under consideration."

Senator Beveridge was clearly dismayed at this outburst and hastily explained that he had merely intended a joke. Hale growled an ungracious retort and that incident closed.

CHECK WAR EXPENSES

Members of the Mohonk Conference Ask for Disarmament.

Mohonk Lake, N. Y., May 21.—At today's session of the Lake Mohonk conference on international arbitration the annual platform was adopted.

Dean Kirchwey, of Columbia, chairman of the business committee, in presenting the platform, declared that the situation of the nations and of international politics today justified a much more advanced position than that taken by last year's conference, especially on limitation of armaments, and that, therefore, there was no inconsistency in the attitude of the conference.

William I. Buchanan, of Buffalo, and George S. Baldwin, of New Haven, seconded the motion for adoption of the platform and commended it for what it contained as well as for what it did not contain.

The platform was then adopted unanimously and without dissent or criticism. The text follows:

Pleased With Progress.

"The fifteenth annual Lake Mohonk conference on international arbitration, meeting o the tenth aniversary of the opening of the first Hague conference, reviews with profound satisfaction the signal advance of the cause of international justice during the decade a progress unexampled in any previous period in history. The memorable achievements of this period are at once an inspiration and an imperative call to renewed effort.

"We urge upon our government, which has been so conspicuously and so honorably identified with the progressive policies of The Hague, prompt action toward perfecting the important measures there inaugurated and the complete development of the system of arbitration. We especially urge its early initiative in the establishment of the international court of arbitral justice.

"We further urge the negotiation of a general treaty of arbitration between all nations, and look forward with increasing hope to the day when treaties of arbitration shall provide for the reference to The Hague of all international differences not settled by regular diplomatic negotiation.

Would Curb Armaments.

"The clear logic of The Hague conventions prescribes the limitation and gradual reduction of the machinery of war by the nations parties to those conventions, corresponding to he development of the instrumentalities of law and justice for the settlement of international differences. The great armaments of the nations, whose intolerable burdens prompted the call to the first Hague conference, have, during the decade, increased so portentously as to have now become, as recently declared by the British foreign secretary, a satire upon civilization. They fill the world with apprehension and alarm; they create an atmosphere unfavorable to the system of arbitration and their drain upon the resources of the peoples has become so exhausting as to menace all national treasuries and disastrously check the social reform and advances which the interests of humanity demand.

"It is the opinion of this conference that the time has arrived for carrying into effect the strongly expressed desire of the two peace conferences at The Hague that the governments examine the possibility of an agreement as to the limitation of armed forces by land and sea, and of war budgets, and address themselves to the serious study of this pressing question. Accordingly we ask our government to consider whether the peculiar position which it occupies among the nations does not afford it a special opportunity to lead the way toward making these weighty declarations a basis of public and concerted action."

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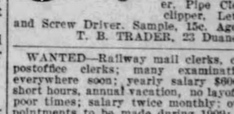

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WOMAN Listen: A secret every married woman should know; particulars for 2c stamp. Secret Formula Co., Fountaintown, Ind.

SALESMEN WANTED Salary or commission. House established 1879. J. H. Crosby & Bro., Box A 16, Danville, Va.

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FLOUR MILL FOR SALE—One new up-to-date water power flour mill close to manufacturing town in Ohio. For further particulars address Lock Box 293, Greenfield, Ohio.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY—Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box B. G., 314, Kansas City, Mo.

MONUMENT TO INDIAN

May Be Erected in the New York Harbor.

New York, May 24.—A suggestion for the erection of a fitting statue in New York harbor to perpetuate the memory of the American Indian elicited great applause from a hundred or more men who gathered in the ball room of Sherry's at a dinner given by Rodman Wanamaker to Colonel William Frederick Cody ("Buffalo Bill").

Job E. Hedges, who acted as toastmaster, explained that the dinner was intended as a testimonial to Colonel Cody, as the man who had solved the problems of the Indians and won their confidence. The colonel, who had to miss most of the speeches praising his services to the Indian race because of an important engagement in Madison Square Garden, turned the trick on his host by letting those at the dinner know of Mr. Wanamaker's suggestion for the erection of a monument to the Indian in this harbor. The proposition evidently hit the fancy of the diners and they applauded vigorously every reference made to it by the speakers.

Mr. Wanamaker said after the dinner that he simply put forward the suggestion as one worthy the consideration of the whole American people, and was evidently gratified at the hearty reception with which it had been met.

With Mr. Wanamaker and Colonel Cody at the speakers' table were, besides Mr. Hedges, General Nelson A. Miles, Major General Wood, General Horace Porter, Robert C. Ogden, James M. Beck, the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J.; the Rev. Edward G. Thurber, Winthrop E. Scarritt, General George W. Wingate, Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, Dr. O. S. Marden, Eugene A. Philbin, Chief Iron Shell, of the "Bill" show, and his son, Henry Iron Shell.

The Iron Shells, who were in their Indian costume, got a great reception, second only to that given Colonel Cody, and when they left with the latter were cheered roundly ad responded with a real war whoop.

Mr. Hedges, in introducing Colonel Cody, praised him as the man who had won the heart of the red man and had done much to educate the American people out of their prejudices about the race and into a real understanding of the fine sides of the Indian character.

Colonel Cody praised Mr. Wanamaker's efforts to perpetuate the memory of the Indian. The colonel then told of Mr. Wanamaker's plan to erect a statue in New York harbor similar to that of the Statue of Liberty, "which should be a lasting monument to the first Americans." He said that since he was a boy he had known Indians, and all his life he had found them honorable in peace or in war.

"In all my experience on the plains," said he, "I never pointed a gun at an Indian except with regret."

General Miles said that when he first met Colonel Cody he thought the Colonel was the finest and handsomest man he had ever met, and that no one of the millions of men he had met since had made a similar impression on him. He seconded the Colonel's opinions of the nobility and dignity of the Indian race and said he thought Mr. Wanamaker's idea of a monument a splendid one.

General Porter spoke after General Miles. He said "Buffalo Bill" was the most intelligent and reliable scout and guide that ever lived in the west, whether the quest was for "Indians, grass, water or whisky."

MR. MORGAN IS HAPPY

Kaiser Gives Him Photo With Signature.

New York, May 20.—Announcement was made yesterday that Emperor William, in recognition of their good offices in connection with the exhibition of German contemporary art, recently held at the Metropolitan museum, has presented to J. Pierpont Morgan, president of the museum, his portrait bearing his signature; to Director Sir Casper Purdon Clarke and Hugo Reisinger, the commander's cross of the Order of the Crown of Prussia, and to Edward Robinson, assistant director of the museum, the officers' cross of the Order of the Red Eagle. The German consul general, Mr. Franksen, presented the decorations to Mr. Reisinger and Mr. Robinson.

CALLS IT "INSANE"

Doesn't Think Much of the Dreadnought Plan.

London, May 22.—Addressing a gathering of Australians on the naval question, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford urged that the colonies, instead of contributing toward the building of a Dreadnought, should build cruisers to protect their trade and commerce and to form the nucleus of navies of their own, after the example of Japan, which, half a century ago, was fighting with tortoise shell armor and bows and arrows.

What the British empire wanted, he said, was a navy that was able to go out and attack and to protect trade routes. He considered that "our insane advertising of Dreadnoughts" offended other nations and involved Europe in terribly expensive naval competition.

BERRESFORD ACCEPTS

Baltimore Pastor Will Go to Cincinnati.

Baltimore, May 24.—Rev. Dr. A. B. Berresford, pastor of the Universalist church of Baltimore announced that he would present his resignation tomorrow in order to accept a call to the First Universalist church of Cincinnati, O.

OPENS NEW LANDS

Taft Gives 750,000 Acres to Settlers.

Washington, May 22.—President Taft today issued a proclamation, providing for the opening up to settlement and entry of about 440,000 acres of land in the Flathead Montana; 200,000 in the Coeur D'Alene Idaho, and between 50,000 and 100,000 in the Spokane (Washington) reservations.

NO ROOM FOR HIM

Willemstad, May 21.—Celestino Castro, brother of the deposed president of Venezuela, was today served with a notice of his expulsion from the island of Curacao.

Senor Castro must leave the island within six days. He has forwarded a request to the Venezuelan authorities for permission to go to Venezuela, but no answer yet has been received.

TOWN "FINGERPRINTED"

Thumb Test Forced on Every Voter in Winnebago to Run Down Slayer.

Chicago, Ill., May 24.—Winnebago, Ill., will go down in history as the only town that ever had its entire voting population "fingerprinted." The operation will be performed in the effort of Sheriff Charles Collier, of Winnebago county, to run down the murderer of Mrs. Margaret Grippen, who was beaten to death in her home on April 28.

Only by the finger print method has Sheriff Collier any hope of finding the slayer of the aged woman, but in this course he has excellent material to work upon. The murderer left the impress of his tumb on a door, a smoked lamp chimney and a door knob. Science recognizes the thumb print as an infallible method of identification and if the possessor of the "tented arch" thumb that left its mark in the house of death can be found no court of law will ask more evidence.

Every Man Must Undergo Test.

"I shall start immediately to take the thumb impressions of every man in Winnebago township," said Sheriff Collier. "The older boys also will have to place their tumbs upon the smoked glass. Under the tutelage of Captain Evans, of the Chicago Bureau of Identification I have become proficient in taking the prints, and as this is the only clew I have to rely upon, I intend to make the most of it."

Police Sergeant Homer Read, of Rockford, is working with the sheriff on the case.

In the last analysis a woman will pass upon their efforts. She is Mrs. Phillip Holland, wife of the editor of the "Detective" and an expert of national reputation in the matter of finger prints. Mrs. Holland now is in St. Louis, but immediately on her return early this week to her home in Chicago the finger prints of all of Winnebago's 150 men will be submitted to her, together with the tell-tale impression left by the murderer.

Already the thumb prints of twenty-five Winnebago men are on record. They were taken last week by the local officers, assisted by Edward Evans and Detectives Duback and Biddinger, of Chicago. It was from this first skirmish that grew the mistaken effort to connect William Reilly, seventy-four years old and a patient in a Chicago hospital, with the crime.

Reilly's home is in Winnebago and he was a frequent caller at the lonely dwelling of the slain Mrs. Grippen. He readily submitted to the finger print test Saturday but no resemblance was found in his "signature" to that of the culprit.

Winnebago township is about as excited over the forthcoming finger printing of its male population as it was over the crime. Even Mayor E. E. Cross submitted to the finger print test and this will be a forceful argument for the sheriff in dealing with persons who consider their characters and standing in the community so far above suspicion as to make submission a humiliation.

"Un

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

This is the beginning of all gospels, that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand just where we are.

MONDAY

Happy is the woman who can surround her fireside with that spirit of home which makes it the most desirable spot on earth to every member of the family.

TUESDAY

When the outlook is not good, try the uplook.

WEDNESDAY

Next best to natural, spontaneous cheeriness, is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate and can so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not an hereditary gift.

THURSDAY

God help me speak the little word
And take my bit of singing.

FRIDAY

There's the courage that nerves you in starting to climb
The mount of success rising sheer;
And when you've slipped back there's the courage sublime
That keeps you from shedding a tear.

SATURDAY

In the school of life many branches of knowledge are taught. But the only philosophy that amounts to anything after all, is just the secret of making friends with our luck.

YOUR WORST ENEMY

ELIZABETH AYRES

THERE are no chains so galling, no thrallrom so terrible as are the chains and thralldom of a weakness which belies its name by being stronger than yourself.

The misery of one who is thus enslaved, is one of the bitterest miseries there is to endure. If you are your own worst enemy, none more dangerous exists. The greatest harm which others may do you, cannot equal the harm that is self-inflicted. The most pitiful wrecks of humanity are those who are their own worst enemies, or in whose veins runs the blood of those who have been enslaved by some debasing weakness.

If you know you have a weakness that is dragging you down, it is your part to begin fighting against it and never surrender, no matter how often you may falter, until the battle is won. Wishing to be free accomplishes nothing. One may go on wishing indefinitely without bringing results, but where there is the strong will that persistently searches for some means of escape, the way always opens.

No one can save you except yourself. The helping hand of someone who loves you may give you aid and encouragement, but there is none who can win for you the final victory unless you have strength to conquer self. It may seem far easier, far pleasanter to succumb, but the easiest and pleasantest things are not always the best.

The victim of a weakness which he knows is destroying him, and yet has not the strength of will to overcome, is like an agonizing soul struggling in the dark. He knows that somewhere there is light, and unless he finds it he must perish, but if he plays the craven and lies prone, choosing what seems the easier way, then there will come disaster. But even disaster need not be the death of hope, and one may always rise to do battle if there is the determination to overcome that which has mastered one's better nature.

Giving way to a weakness results in nothing save wretchedness, and sometimes it requires great suffering to bring knowledge of this truth. Consequences may pursue you for years, and it may be long before the debt is cancelled, but with unwavering strength of purpose to slay that by which you were overthrown, there will surely come a time when, with uplifted head you may say: "I have conquered."

Among the many things written by Robert Louis Stevenson out of the fullness of his wisdom, is this:

"You cannot run away from a weakness; you must sometime fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?"

Now and where you stand is the only way if you are in danger of being your own worst enemy.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

HOME AND THE BOYS

As I have not written to The Blade this year, I thought I had better write now, as I have a good opportunity, and we should never let a good opportunity slip by. I intend to write two or three letters every year, so if I am not careful I shall not get them divided up right.

I quite agree with Emma Overbey in believing that home is what we make it. I never thought there was very much pleasure and happiness found in rich families. I have been in homes where there was everything money could buy, but there was not the slightest touch of love or affection. These are two things that are not bought with money. If they were, there would be a good many miserable people made happy. First of all, we mothers who must wear our smiles whether we feel like smiling or not, for when we fail to smile the whole house fails. We must sing and act happy even if it as hard work if we would keep the sun shining, for there is nothing in the world more unpleasant than a gloomy house. I know when I was a girl and we were all at home around our mother, in the old days that were the happiest of my life, I know if our mother failed to sing there was something wrong or she was sick.

Now I am going to say a few words to the young men and then stop. If I can say anything that will increase a boy's affection for his mother, I don't mind if the bread that is in the oven does burn a little. I know that I and all good mothers would risk our lives to save our boys. There is no water too deep, no fire too hot, that we would not try to go through to save our boys' lives, and we are just as anxious about their characters and reputations. What a great thing it would be if all mothers could say when their time here is ended, "Well, I never saw my boy intoxicated, I never heard him swear, and he never gave me a cross word." How many of us are going to be able to say this? Boys, if you only knew how much happiness it will be to you when you are men and no longer need the care of a mother—if that time ever comes—and when you have homes of your own and children entrusted to your care, if they do wrong you can look them in the eyes and say with a clear conscience, "I can't have this. My mother never saw me do such things."

If boys only knew of the sleepless nights many a poor mother has spent I do not believe they would do so many things to cause their mothers sorrow.

I am a great lover of flowers and think this would be a miserable world if it were not for little children and birds and flowers. I love to write to The Blade, and though my letter is long, I don't want to stop writing.—The Fisherman's Daughter.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA

As I have never seen a letter written to the Cozy Corner from Canton, N. C., I thought I would write to say that I find much pleasure in reading so many good letters, especially on the training of children. I have four little ones to care for, two boys and two girls. They are a great deal of company for me. I have a kind husband, but he is a day laborer and is absent from home most of the time, so you see I am left alone with the children. I try to teach them to love our Master. I think we should teach them to love home, also.

I am 30 years of age and have been married seven years. I manage to do all of my housework and sewing, and to have a good garden. I assist my dear old mother with her work. I do not live in the house with her, but live on a farm close by. I find time to read The Blade, which is a welcome visitor at our house. My father has taken The Blade for 16 years. Our family circle was then unbroken, but now all of the children are married and gone from the old home, with the exception of my youngest brother. I never forget father and mother, and it is a great pleasure to go and see them as often as I can; neither shall I forget the home of my childhood days. Some time I shall write again and give a sketch of the country I live in.—Hat.

FROM A LITTLE GIRL

I have taken great pleasure in reading the many good letters in the Cozy Corner, so I thought I would try my hand at writing one. I am a girl fourteen years old and live in Hornby, which is in the southeastern part of Steuben county, New York. There are four in our family. I have a mother, father and sister. My sister is twelve years of age. I have taken music lessons and play some. I have received my seventh grade certificate in school. I like to cook and bake. Mamma has always taught me to cook for she thought it better to know a little about housework than to know nothing but books. I can cook and bake nearly everything excepting doughnuts and pies; can do nearly all kinds of housework. I agree with the lady who likes to wash her dishes after meals, for if you leave them they get stacked so high it would take so long to get them washed.

I would like to know how many of the readers like house plants? I do, and I have quite a few. I wonder if they know that wood ashes mixed in the top of the dirt which the plants are in will keep the little flies away?

I think I have taken up too much room already, but if I see this in our "Corner" I may come again. I will close by sending you one of my favorite cake recipes which my mother cut from a paper a long time ago. It is called Tiptop cake: Two eggs, two and a half cups of sugar, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two and a half cups of flour, flavoring to taste. I think this is nice for layer cake. I will sign the name my parents call me.—Rosebud.

JOB'S TEARS

I am a reader of The Blade and enjoy its very spicy news, also the sayings of the Cozy Corner. I certainly think when I read the letters. I noticed one of the sister members writes that she loves old stones, old letters and old-fashioned flowers. That's "me, too." In speaking of the old-fashioned flowers, will some one please tell me where I could find a flower seed called Job's Tears? I used to raise them when I was a school girl at home. The seeds are like a tear drop, gray in color, and can be strung on a string like beads. I have read they are very useful. Can anyone tell why they are called Job's Tears? I thought Job had so much patience that he never shed a tear.—Happy Medium.

LIKES "OUR PAGE"

I consider the Household page of much interest to housekeepers. I especially enjoy letters from mothers in regard to the training of children. We have a little girl eighteen months old. She is good-natured and minds nearly everything we tell her. We are trying to teach her to obey by kindness, instead of scolding and whipping her.

We live in the beautiful Boise valley of western Idaho. It is one of the finest fruit countries in the United States. We have delightful weather in winter, warm, sunshiny days in summer, and cool nights. As this is my first letter I will not write very much, but will come again and tell more about this country.—Out West.

INQUIRY

Can anyone give me a recipe for Indian dumplings? My mother used to make them and we ate them with baked pork. I should be glad to have the recipe.—E. M. S.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

It is not so much your duty to make other people happy as it is to be happy yourself. Happiness is infectious, and happy people spread the contagion. Do you see the point?

Mrs. Ray L.: I will put your question before the Cozy Corner members. It is impossible for me to write a personal letter on the subject.

Be the day weary or be the day long—at last it ringeth the even song.

During the past week the Cozy Corner has been favored with letters from H. Greeley Miller, Mary O., Sympathetic, E. J. B. W., Sairy, Virginia Sunbeam, An Interested Reader and Mrs. May Flower.

ABOUT WASHING CURTAINS

Shades, if soiled, are cleaned by rubbing with slices of bread or a lump of dough formed by mixing flour and water together. As one part of the lump becomes dirty it can be worked into the mass, so the surface remains white, but when all is soiled a clean lump must be made.

Linen shades will launder prettily if carefully washed and then passed through a thin boiled starch and ironed while just damp. Shades only slightly soiled may be taken from the rollers turned upside down, and tacked on again so the top is at the bottom. Then the hem should be cut off and a new one made.

Lace window curtains will be better if sent to a cleaner unless one has curtain stretchers, in which case they may be easily laundered at home.

In cleaning any kind of wash curtains that have been in use all winter, they must first be hung in the air and then thoroughly brushed, using a medium stiff whisk broom.

This will remove all the dust and thus make the washing easier.

They should then be laid in a tub of hot suds and soused up and down until the grime is removed, then rinsed in warm water, afterward in cold, and then in slightly blued water.

Before drying they should be put through boiling starch and then pinned to the frames. Unless the curtains are to go up again at once, it is better to defer the starching until they are wanted, as starch often rots certain fabrics.

Lace curtains require no ironing. Dotted Swiss, net, etc., that is either white or cream color, may be washed according to the process for lace curtains, but should be dried before ironing.

A thinner starch than that used for lace curtains should be employed. When quite dry the curtains should be sprinkled and rolled tightly until the following morning, when they may be ironed. Clean—very clean—hot irons are a necessity; and so is ironing wax, though if a little borax has been used in the starch there will be less danger of the irons sticking. The frills are ironed first, if there are any, and then the body of the curtain. For the latter the iron must go across the width.

Cream madras curtains should be washed and dried, then thoroughly shaken, using just a warm iron if considered necessary. This fabric is never starched.

Colored cross stripe curtains, if washed for the first time, should be soaked in salt and water to set the shade, then washed in warm soap suds, rinsed thoroughly in clear water and hung in the shade to dry. Press with a cool iron or shake and iron only the edges. All cross stripe curtains are easy to launder and can be done much better at home than at a laundry.

Colored net curtains must be carefully handled, especially the dark red and dark green varieties. The washing should be finished quickly, and must be in warm suds, a rinsing in clear water to follow just before the hangings are put in the air to dry. These fish nets are so open in mesh that they dry quickly, so all that is necessary is to pull them into shape, for ironing is apt to leave an undesirable gloss.

In all probability there will be faded streaks on colored curtains if they have been hanging in sunny windows. After washing thoroughly such draperies will look new if put through a dye bath.

It is more satisfactory to redye the same shade though, of course, white or cream may be dyed any color. If however, it is desired to change from one tint to another, a preparation can be bought that will discharge the old color, so it will take the new one without streaks.

For tinting curtains cream, ecru, etc., many persons use liquid tea and coffee. This is good, but after such a process curtains are apt to become streaky if hung at sunny windows, and so the last state becomes worse than the first. There is a cold water dye that, I believe, is good for this purpose.

It can be used in the rinsing water.

Colored washable pillow covers require close attention, and should not be included in the general house laundry work. If washed for the first time they may be placed first in bran water. This solution is harmless, and good for all colors. There are some agents that answer only for certain colors. As the usual fabrics for sofa pillows are apt to be in a variety of shades, cretonne, English chintz, etc., I mention bran as the safest.

After steeping in bran water, the covers may be washed in the usual way and dried quickly. If inclined to fade, they may be rolled in a dry cloth, and while damp must be ironed dry. As a rule, starch is not required in laundering fabrics of this description.

It is well to remember not to use irons too hot on delicate colors, and to press them on the little's side whenever practicable.

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THE BILTMORE FORESTRY BOYS

Day Ellen Willey in June St. Nicholas.

Up in the heart of the great Appalachian forest is a little colony of young Americans who can truly be called woodsmen, for they are living and working amid the woodland to gain such a knowledge of the tree that they can earn a livelihood from their skill in what the scientist calls forestry. The geography tells us in a general way that our forests are among our greatest resources. On the maps of many states you will find here and there big black or darkened patches that are marked "forests."

These patches are especially noticeable on the maps of such states as Washington and Oregon in the Pacific region, and Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan in what we usually term the northwest. But turn to North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee, and here you will see the patches that the geography notes as the forests of the Appalachian mountains.

Yes, the woods of America are one of its greatest sources of benefit to us, for in a single year the lumber that is sawed from the trees, the fuel that comes from them for our fires, the wood pulp made into paper, the telegraph poles, the bark covering that goes into leather and acid are some of the items that pay the national revenue of nearly a billion and a quarter of dollars. Why, the fagots and kindling which heat our homes and cook our food amount to over one-third of a billion of dollars alone. Just the beams, planks and shingles that are cut in the 25,000 mills require forty billion "board" feet anually. So it is that a great army is employed in our woods just to handle the ax and the saw in the timber industry. Such have been their inroads that really enormous tracts of forests have been stripped. The lumbering has been done recklessly and wastefully, without regard to caring for the young trees. Often the timbermen have left great stumps to rot and decay, so that in Washington and Oregon experts say that fully a third of the value of the woodland thus "cut over" has been wasted.

About twenty years ago a New York millionaire went down among the highlands of North Carolina. So pleased was he with the scenery, the climate and other attractions of nature, that here he determined to have his home, and, cutting off the top of a mountain, he built a mansion, which, with the grounds surrounding it, forms what is probably the most beautiful country seat in America. Well, it ought to be, considering the millions he spent in laying out boulevards, landscape gardens and other vistas, but the story of how George Vanderbilt created Biltmore is too long to be told here, and is referred to because if he had not been drawn into the wilderness this article would probably have never been written.

The wilderness, the bigness of the woodland, fascinated him as it has other nature lovers. He wanted to preserve it, yet to make it of use and to retain its beauty, so he began adding forest after forest to his estate, until he is now the actual lord over a domain that comprises 200 square miles of hill and valley, much of which is tree covered. It includes Mount Pisgah, which juts up above the clouds to a height of over a mile above the level of the sea. After he had secured this little empire, the question that arose was how he could best make it serve his purposes. Timbermen say that if all the good trees were cut off today Mr. Vanderbilt would get so much money from the lumber that he would be far more than repaid for the cost of the land, because the forest is so dense in many places. But he wants to keep the woodland "growing perpetually," yet make it pay for itself and yield enough money yearly to meet the expense of fencing it, with taxes and other outlay. Thus it is that the "Biltmore Rangers," as they may be called, have a working ground yet a playground which is unlike that possessed by any other set of youngsters in the world. Here they live the sort of life that appeals to the boy who has good red blood in his veins, for it is a life in the open, where the tree, the bush, the leaf and blossom are daily giving him knowledge of woodcraft; where the mountain challenges him to ascend it; where he is continually in the midst of the air and sunshine of the hill country. No wonder boys have come here from homes from Maine to California, as these rangers are a national organization, numbering few from the surrounding country. They are here, as

THE HOME OF A FOREST RANGER.

stated, to learn of the tree—its growth, its value, but they are also gaining an invaluable knowledge of nature in general and an acquaintance with the great Outdoors, which is just as beneficial.

For ten years American boys have thus been studying in this school of the wild. Already it has shown its value to the nation, for not a few of those who have left it are serving the country in our great national parks and other forest reserves where the government is protecting the woodland. Gifford Pinchot, the present chief of the forest service, spent two years amid the Appalachians, but ably filling his place are Dr. Carlos Schenck and Dr. Clifton Howe, to whom the owner of Biltmore has intrusted his woodland, and who are at the head of his unique colony of active American boys in the Carolina overland.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

As I promised some time ago to give a description of Iowa, I am here to keep my word. The territory of which the state is a part was discovered in 1673 by the French. One hundred and thirty years afterwards the United States bought from France the large tract of land known as the Louisiana Purchase, in which Iowa was included. Our first settlement was made at Dubuque in 1788 by Julien Dubuque and a few other ore diggers. For many years after the settlement, it was held by the Indians, and it was not until after the defeat of the Black Hawks in 1832, that the foreign people, such as Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, English, Irish and Bohemians settled here and at once started to till the soil. They were a sturdy people and could endure the trials and privations of early frontier life. They were agriculturists, and this has been the leading industry ever since. Iowa has a very fertile soil, a temperate climate, good drainage, and plentiful rainfall. It being level, all kinds of farm machinery can be applied to the soil. Our leading crops are corn, hay, oats, potatoes, barley, rye and flax. Wheat at one time was one of the important crops, but other grains have taken its place, and at the present time very little wheat is raised. One-fourth of Iowa is devoted to corn raising. The raising of stock is an important industry also.

Iowa's manufactories are limited, as agriculture occupies too much of the people's time, however, quite a little manufacturing goes on in the way of lumber, flour, farm machinery and many small articles. At Cedar Rapids are located the largest cereal mills in the world.

The state has 8,500 miles of railroad which covers it so completely there is no town farther than twelve miles from a railroad station. Our minerals are iron, zinc, stone, gypsum, lime, pottery and clay. There are 400 coal mines, which employ 12,500 people. Our animals are few. Those we have are wolves, coons, coyotes, wildcats, rabbits, squirrels, woodchucks, otter and other small animals. Uncle Sam has established a large fish hatchery at Manchester. I have been all over the grounds, and it is an interesting place. There are two large springs which pour out 2,200 gallons of water a minute. Many thousand fish are hatched here annually.

Before I close I must write something about our beautiful birds. Iowa is proud of its small singers and protects them against destruction. The state has 253 different kinds of birds, and 133 different species have been seen by one lady in her yard.—Hawkeye Laddie.

Not long ago as I was reading this cheery column, I came across this in answer to some new member: "Your fees are only a letter each year," so I thought I had better write a little.

I suppose a great many of you are planning to go to the fair out west this summer and fall. I cannot go, but my mother is going, so I expect to hear about it. I am sure Florida Old Man will be there and tell us that some the U. S. A.'s displays are as fine as any he has seen in his travels.

Grandpa, I think you must have had some very great experiences. I enjoyed your letter very much, and your's too, Quien Sabe, although you did not quite agree with part of my letter, but I am not one who likes people to agree with everything I say.

What has become of the violinist, Lancelot, I believe, by name? Marie, I enjoyed your letter and the one from The Girl of the Keystone State very much. Just Me, do come again and tell us some more about your life on the water. How many of you have heard William Sunday, the revivalist, preach? I heard him a short time ago, and thought his sermon was very good. Cherokee Girl, I wish I could see as much of the Indians as you must. I think they are so interesting, and, judging by the number of songs that are written of them, they must be getting more popular.

Have any of you enjoyed the diversion of hanging May baskets? I have, and I nearly froze in the bargain. I will close with one of my favorite quotations:

So many little faults we find;
We see them; for not blind
Is love—we see them; but if you and I
Remember them, perhaps, some by and by
They will not be faults then; grave faults to you and me,
But just odd ways; mistakes or even less,
Remembrances to bless.
—Gladys, from the Wild Rose State.

I believe I hear the kettle boiling, so I thought someone was making the tea. If I am permitted to join the party, I will promise to keep as quiet as a little mouse.

It has been over a year since I visited the M. G. R., but I have been silently enjoying the excellent letters from all the members.

I quite agree with West Virginia Schoolmaster that our lives are what we make them by our actions, thoughts and words. Let them be holy thoughts and kind words. Our daily actions are guided by our thoughts, so it is needful to have good thoughts to have good daily actions.

God will not lead any person astray, but will help if only we ask. We must not think for a moment that He will do what we ask without assistance on our part; we must put forth an effort and help bring it about. I will close with all best wishes to the M. G. R.—Happy from Buckeye.

One of our friends, writing from North Dakota in late April, says: We are very busy with our seeding in this country. It is a little too cold for gardening yet. Our turkeys and geese are laying and we are anxious for some hens to set. I have not had much experience in housekeeping as I was in school until I began teaching, and when teaching you do not have much time for housework, even if you are at home. I expect to turn farmer this summer and that will be new to me, as I cannot even make garden, and for the past three years have been visiting or at summer school during garden times. Best wishes to all.—Helen Jane from N. Dakota.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

If you start looking for happiness you are likely to find trouble. Just do the best you can where you are and you'll get the happy feeling.

It will soon be time for picnics. If any of you M. G. R.'s go picnicking write to the column and tell us about it. I like to hear about outdoor parties, even if I can't go myself!—Miss Prudence.

Our latest letters are from Gwendoline, Father's Help, Pansy Edwards, Arthur the W. Virginian, Only a Girl, William McQ., Georgette, Cyrus Jewell, and Raoul de Coubert's Sister.

CANDY RECIPES

Cocoanut Cream Candy—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add one-half cup of milk and a cup and a half of sugar. Heat to the boiling point and cook twelve minutes, taking care that it does not burn. Push back on the stove, add one-third cup of shredded cocoanut and a half teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat until the mixture is creamy; pour into a buttered pan, cool and mark into squares.

Chocolate Cream Mints—Put into the pan one cup of granulated sugar, one-quarter cup of water and two drops of oil of peppermint. Cook until it crisps when dropped in cold water, then pour on a platter and beat until creamy. Drop on paper and cool. When cold and hard melt a quarter of a cake of chocolate over the tea kettle, sweeten a little and dip the mints into the melted chocolate.

Butter Taffy—Put into a granite saucepan a cup and a half if light brown sugar, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, a tablespoonful and a half each of hot water and vinegar and a pinch of salt. Cook until brittle when dropped in cold water. Add three tablespoonfuls of butter, cook a moment, add a tablespoonfuls of vanilla and pour into a shallow buttered pan. When cool mark into squares.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

Here is a story I would like to have you print, if you please. It is the first I have ever tried to write. The title is:

THE WANDERING CHILD.

Many long years ago, when I was but a child, I sat one Christmas night watching a poor, sad, motherless child wandering in the streets so cold with nothing but rags to keep her warm. I could not help but cry, but when she stopped at our door and begged for something to eat, I asked my mother if she couldn't live with us and be my little sister. I told her that I was lonely and would give her lots of things. It made her heart feel sad, then she said, "Yes, my dear, she shall be your little sister."

I think it was a Christmas gift from God. Yours truly—Marjorie Pratt.

I am a boy nine years old. I live in Steuben county, New York, on the Cohocton river. I like to go fishing. I have a dog by the name of Tip. If I throw a stick in the river he will go and get it for me. I have a piano and can play some. I like to read the letters from children in The Blade. As I was born in Michigan I will sign my name—Michigan Boy.

I am a boy from the old North state. I live among the mountains in the northwestern part of the state. From my home I can see several mountains, the Blue Ridge included. I go to school and study arithmetic, algebra, grammar, Latin, history, geography and spelling. I can name all the counties in our state. I am preparing for the high school next year. My brother and I each have a pet colt. He calls his Queen, and I call mine King. Mine is the oldest. He can work. I live in Forsyth county, near Winston. It is the county seat. I am twelve years old. I will sign my name.—Tar Heel.

I am a little girl ten years old. I live in the northern part of North Carolina. I went to school every day through the winter and received an honor card at the end of every month for regular attendance. Free school is closed now and I go to subscription school. I like my teacher so much. She is such a good lady. I have three sisters and four brothers. We all go to school. My two older sisters do not stay at home. They go to high school. I can name and spell all the states and capitals in the union. I have two dolls. I call the dark one Genevieve and the light one Beth. I have a pet cat I call Booty. I had his picture taken. I am small for my age. I have light hair and blue eyes, and am called—Bernice.

I live in New York state, on a farm of about twenty acres. I am a little boy ten years of age. I live about one mile from a beautiful lake which has fine vineyards on its sides. I am about four miles from Hammondsport, where the Curtiss motorcycles are manufactured, also flying machines. We often spend the Fourth of July at the lake. I go to church and Sunday school most every Sunday. I have two brothers and a sister. We have good times out of doors.—Raymond F. Wood.

SOME OLD RIDDLES

As I went through a garden gap,
whom should I meet but Dick Redcap,
a stick in his hand, a stone in his throat;
if you guess this riddle I'll give you a groat. Answer—A cherry.

Thirty white horses upon a red hill,
now they tramp, now they champ,
now they stand still. Answer—Gums and teeth.

A house full, a yard full, can't catch a bowl full. Answer—Smoke.

Nature requires five, custom gives seven, laziness takes nine and wickedness eleven. Answer—Hours of sleep.

I have a little sister, they call her Peep Peep; she wades through the waters deep, deep, deep; she climbs the moutains high, high, high; poor little thing, she has put one eye. Answer—Star.

What flowers are always under your nose? Answer—Tulips.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

BEAU

By T. H. Robertson.

That reminds me, dear sir, of a little occurrence which happened
When I was a lad.
Ah, let me replenish your glass, sir.
And, if you'll permit me,
I shall be very glad.
To recount it to you, for I venture to flatter myself that
It is other than bad.

You observe at the side table there, that majestic old darky?
Well, that's Beau,
The hero who made himself famous upon that occasion,
A long time ago;
Way back in Virginia—let's see, if any memory serves me,
In the year twenty-fo'.

'Twas in Albemarle county, Virginia, my father resided
Till the day that he died,
Well off in fine horses, and niggers, and arable acres,
And family pride;
Thomas Jefferson's friend; as a horseman, a swordsman, a Christian
Was he known far and wide.

This digression pray pardon. 'Twas there that he raised us together—
Old Beau there and me,
Though Beau was a nigger, and I was the son of his owner,
Not a little cared we;
We were simply two boys—we were friends—we were constant companions,
In work or on spree.

Well, a cousin of mine, James Tottett, from Washington city,
Came over one year
To pay me a visit—a priggish young blue-blood and churlish,
With an arrogant sneer
For our "primitive" customs, and boasting his wondrous achievements
In tobacco and beer.

From the first Beau conceived a dislike to James, "the town-tackey,"
Which he sought not to hide;
While James was accustomed to make him the butt of his banter,
And frequently tried
To goad him by taunts to a quarrel, to which the young darky
Very seldom replied.

One Sababth we went, with a lot of the neighboring youngsters—
Inclusive of Beau,
And of James—to the river near by, our ultimate purpose
A-swimming to go.
Walking thither James ridiculed Beau more severely than usual
(If he could have done so.)

Now Beau was a wondrous musician on whistles and fiddles,
Which he made with his knife,
And the Christmas preceding my father had brought him from Richmond
A marvelous fife,
To perform upon which, to his friends' and his own delectation
Was the pride of his life.

And upon this occasion his fife, from his pocket projecting,
In view of us all,
Was snatched at by James. Then they clinched. In the tussle ensuing
Beau was rather too small;
James gave him a drubbing, and then put the fife in his pocket,
Thus concluding the brawl.

We continued our journey until we arrived at the river,
Our prime destination;
Our ablutions performed, our habiliments donned, 'twas suggested
That, for more recreation
We proceed up the stream to the "Door of the Devil," which motion
Received approbation.

This Door of the Devil was then a notorious feature
In the river hard by,
Where the water dashed swirling beneath the steep bank excavated,
With a sough and a sigh;
And never again had aught swallowed down by its current
Been perceived by man's eye.

Arrived, we were gazing with wonder at the white waters,
And with some superstition,
When, attempting to cast an unwieldy projectile into them,
James lost his position—
Falling in—in a trice sucked from sight—while we stood stark as statues
In our helpless condition.

Great God! Not an atom of hope! Yet some one cried "Murder!"
In response to which call
Came a number of parties—among them were Beau and my father
(Beau after the brawl
Having sulked in the rear)—and despair and a sickening horror
Filled the faces of all.

No hope; for the Door of the Devil never yields up its victims,
And more so rash
As to forfeit his life in a futile endeavor to rescue,
Nor—Hold!—like a flash
A figure darts through us—leaps over the bank—in an instant
Disappears with a splash.

It was Beau! There's a breeze of a murmur and then a dead silence,
He can ne'er reappear.
This we know, even though he is one of the finest divers
To be found far or near.
Thus we wait a full minute—another—two heads above water!
And from us a hoarse cheer.

There's a fearful suspense—a grand struggle—and Beau with his burden,
At last is ashore;
And the men near him, dripping and bleeding, aloft on their shoulders,
With a thunderous roar,
At last is ashore;
And my father for once is profane, as he swears, "by Jehovah
He is free, evermore"

When James had recovered, he walked up to Beau, and he thanked him,
And assured him James Tottett
Was his friend from that forth and he offered his hand, but Beau scorned it
And muttered, "Dod rot it!
Do you think it war you I war after?"
(his hand on his pocket)—
"'Twar my fife and I got it!"

FATHER'S LETTERS

I have letters from my Father,
In my hand, in my hand,
Written by my Elder Brother;
They are grand, they are grand.
They were written o'er the sea,
And were forwarded to me;
I'm as happy as can be,
In this land, in this land,
I'm as happy as can be,
In this land.

Father told me in His letters,
That are grand, that are grand,
I could make myself no better,
In this land, in this land.
Then I cried: "What shall I do?
(For I had not read them thro'),
And He made me all anew—
In this land.

I am not a new creation
In this land, in this land.
I am free from condemnation,
It is grand, it is grand.
I can sing and shout and pray,
And I'm happy night and day,
And my soul can hardly stay,
In this land.

I'm a stranger to the nations
Of this land, of this land;
They don't know my situation,
But it's grand, it is grand.
Father's riches I behold,
And I've wealth that can't be told,
And my kindred ne'er get old,
In this land.

I am sanctified and happy,
In my heart, in my heart,
For the blood of Jesus cleanses,
Ev'ry part, ev'ry part;
I have lost my "carnel mind,"
Doubts and fears are left behind,
And my Comforter I find
In my heart.

I am not afraid of dying,
In this land, in this land.
But I often feel like flying,
O how grand, O how grand!
All the world is dark as night,
But my Father's face is bright,
And I'm walking in the light,
Thro' this land.

Death is called a cruel monster
In this land, in this land.
When he calls I will not answer,
O how grand, O how grand!
I may leave most any day,
But they'll find no empty clay,
And I wonder what they'll say,
In this land.

OLD NEW ENGLAND

This is our own, our native land,
Though poor and rough she be,
The home of many a noble soul,
The birthplace of the free;
We'll love her rocks and rivers,
Till death our quick blood chills.
Hurrah for old New England.
And her cloud-capped granite hills.

Chorus.

Hurrah for old New England,
And her cloud-capped granite hills;
Hurrah for old New England,
And her cloud-capped hills.

Shall not the land, though poor it be,
That gave a Webster birth,
With pride step forth to take her place
With the mightiest of the earth?
Then for his sake, whose lofty fame
Our farthest boundaries fills
We will shout for old New England,
And her cloud-capped granite hills.

They tell us of our freezing clime,
Our hard and rugged soil,
Which hardly half repays us
For our springtime care and toil,
Yet gaily sings the merry boy
As his homestead farm he tills,
Hurrah for old New England
And her cloud-capped granite hills.

Others may seek the western clime,
They say 'tis passing fair,
That sunny are its laughing eyes
And soft its balmy air;
We will linger round our childhood's home
Till age our warm blood chills,
Till we die in old New England
And sleep beneath her hills.

POEMS REQUESTED

The old hymn, beginning with the words, "And must this feeble body fail?" is asked for.

Two poems that are wanted are The Blacksmith's Story, written by Frank Olive, and a poem of which the last of every verse is: "Speak up, Ike, and express yourself."

Will some one send the poem of which these are the first lines:

Yes, my native land I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well.

These songs are wanted: "When you know you're not forgotten by the girl you can't forget," and Rainbow.

The Arkansas Traveler is requested.

The poem, Old Mose, which describes a Gettysburg incident and is written by C. F. Merrill, is asked for.

The verses containing the following lines are wanted:

Strike gently, Mammy dear,
You'll split my Sunday pants.
She said with shingle held aloft,
"I hadn't thought of that, my son,
Just take those trousers off."

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me." — MRS. EMMA IMSE, 883 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

BY EXPRESS PREPAID TO YOU

DENNEHY'S

Old Underoof

4 —— FULL QUARTS FOR —— $5
in a plain package, express charges prepaid

Old Underoof is a soft, mellow whiskey with a distinctive taste and flavor that instantly pleases. It is well known to the public as a *Standard American Brand.*

CLEAR SPRING BOURBON
A superior four year old whiskey distilled in Kentucky
$3 per gallon enclosed in a plain box express charges prepaid

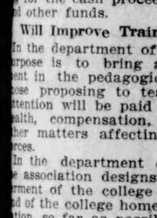
Write us to-day. We guarantee to please you or money will be promptly refunded.

CLEAR SPRING DISTILLING CO., Dept. 22, 216 Randolph St., Chicago

Orders for Colorado and the West must call for 6 gallons or 24 quarts by freight prepaid. Four quarts or more will be shipped by express prepaid at 20 cents per quart additional.

I WILL GIVE $1000

IF I FAIL TO CURE ANY CANCER OR TUMOR



I Treat Before It poisons deep glands. NO KNIFE OR PAIN. No Pay Until Cured. No X Ray or other Swindle. A Pacific Island plant makes the cures. Absolute Guarantee. Any tumor, lump or sore on the lip, face or anywhere six months is cancer. 130-Page Book sent free with testimonials of thousands cured, at their homes. I

ANY LUMP IN WOMAN'S BREAST

IS CANCER and if neglected it will always poison deep glands in the armpit and kill quickly. Address DR. & MRS. CHAMLEE & CO. Most Successful Cancer Specialists Living. LF 201 & 203 N. 12th Street, ST. LOUIS, MO. KINDLY SEND TO SOME ONE WITH CANCER

IN BEHALF OF COLLEGES

Educators Launch a Plan to Better Many Institutions.

New York, May 22.—To improve higher education in America men known throughout the country have launched a project which is unlike anything heretofore attemped. Under the guidance of The Higher Education association an effort will be made to better the educational facilites of every college in the country. The association filed articles of incorporation at Albany with a capital of $300,000.

To Assist Colleges.

The purpose of the organization, as set forth in its articles of incorporation, is "to improve higher education throughout the United States and in particular the internal and external conditions of the American college, by furnishing an agency and funds whereby a careful study can be made and improvement can be brought about in the institutions of higher learning."

Various means for accomplishing this end are to be inaugurated. One of them is in the financial department of the colleges, in which it is designed to procure an improved and more complete system of bookkeeping and the development of an internal cost-accounting system, in addition to the present method of merely accounting for the cash proceeds and of trust and other funds.

Will Improve Training System.

In the department of instruction the purpose is to bring about improvement in the pedagogical training of those proposing to teach in colleges. Attention will be paid to questions of health, compensation, pensions and other matters affecting the teaching forces.

In the department of student life the association designs to obtain "betterment of the college community life and of the college home life, and restoration, so far as possible, of the individual training of the students."

The organization will publish a magazine, the American College, and will establish branch associations in other cities to co-operate in this general purpose of educational development.

Cortelyou and Finley in Move.

The incorporators include President John H. Finley, of the College of the City of New York; Edwin E. Slosson, editor of the Independent; Ex-Secretary George B. Cortelyou, who was at one time principal of preparatory schools in New York; Virgil Prettyman, principal of Horstmann school, New York; Clarence F. Birdseye, an author of numerous educational works; Charles E. Sprague and Arthur H. Ferguson, of New York.

The project is said to have the approval of the United States commissioner of education.

BURNS FOR 50 YEARS

Fire in Lehigh Mine Is Now Spreading.

Tamaqua, Pa., May 22.—Despite the fact that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in an endeavor to extinguish the fire burning for fifty years in the Lehigh Coal & Navigation company's mine at Summit Hill, the fire is now spreading toward the Spring Tunnel workings, and thirty of the Reading company's carpenters and masons were sent from the Ashland district to aid in erecting concrete walls to check the flames. Great quantities of sulphur found in the sunken shafts, and the work is dangerous. It may be necessary to fill the shafts with water in order to continue the battle against the spread of the fire.

Gold Spectacles Free

DR HAUX

DON'T SEND ME A CENT.

I am going to give away at least one-hundred-thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers, in the next few days—on one easy, simple condition. I want you to thoroughly try them on your eyes, no matter how weak they may be, and read the finest print in your bible with them; thread the smallest eyed needle you can find and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please. Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if you honestly make you see just as well as you did in your younger days you can keep them forever without a cent of pay and

JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them anywhere, at every opportunity. Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your city on this easy, simple condition? If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to take me this favor, write me at once and just say: Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Spectacle Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat gold-filled Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—Dr. Haux, (Personal), 1147 Nicollet Building, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE:—The above is the largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the world and is perfectly reliable.

NO MORE COFFIN NAILS

Illinois House Passes Drastic Anti-Cigaret Bill.

Springfield, Ill., May 21.—The anti-cigaret bill, providing penalties for the sale or manufacture of cigarets or paper wrappers and prohibiting minors under 18 years of age from smoking the seductive coffin nail, was passed by the house last night by a vote of 89 to 2, much to the joy of Miss Lucy Page Gaston, its chief advocate. A similar bill was passed two years ago, but after it got upon the statute books it was found to contain a "joker" that led the courts to knock it out, and the measure that went through last night rectifies this flaw.

The contents of the bill are fully described by its title, which is: "To prohibit the manufacture, sale, keeping for sale or giving away of cigarets, cigaret papers or wrappers, or other substitutes therefor; also to prohibit the using, smoking, keeping or being in possession of cigarets, cigaret papers or wrappers or other substitutes by any minor under 18 years of age."

The bill penalizes the handling of cigarets by a fine of $50 to $100 and imprisonment from one to thirty days for the first offense, for subsequent offenses a fine of $10 to $500 and ten days' to six months' imprisonment is provided.

"The passage of the bill means much to the youth of Illinois," said Miss Gaston, after the bill had passed, her eyes sparkling with delight. "This is a great victory. It means much to our boys."

SHIPS IN GRIP OF ICE

Many on Board Ocean Liner Held Fast Off Coast of Newfoundland.

St. Johns, N. F., May 20.—The grip of the ice on the steamers Mongolian and Prospero, which were surrounded off the entrance to St. Johns harbor, remained hard and fast today, and while neither steamer was in any immediate danger of being either crushed or pushed ashore, and while the 500 passengers on the Mongolian were in a position to gain the land within a few minutes, any strong gale from the eastward was a danger to be feared.

The limits of the great ice field could not be seen from the summit of the highest hill on the coast, but extended to the horizon. Off shore the bergs could be seen grinding and turning as the great Labrador current pushed them constantly to the southward.

The night on board the Mongolian was an anxious one, despite the fact that the officers assured every one that the shore could be reached easily and that ample warning would be given if the stout side of the steamer showed signs of being unable to withstand the pressure of the ice.

During the forenoon it was noticed that the ice was jamming up a bit on the shore and the Mongolian had been forced a trifle to the southward.

BREAKS OPEN PATH

Big Steamer Is Free After Several Days of Imprisonment in Ice.

St. Johns, N. F., May 21.—Early this morning the steamer Mongolian broke her way from the ice pack in which she was imprisoned.

The Mongolian, after releasing herself from the ice pack, did not make any attempt to enter St. John's harbor, ice conditions making such a course apparently impracticable. The steamer worked off shore and at 8 a. m. was making slow progress towards the south through the heavy drift ice.

It is believed the steamer is proceeding towards Bay Bulls, 18 miles south of St. Johns, where there is a possibility of her making a harbor.

The heavy easterly swell which set in last night, broke up the ice pack and enabled the Mongolian to shake herself free. All night there was constant commotion in the great field, the big bergs twisting and turning, while the pressure on the steamer was greater than ever before.

Dawn revealed open water within a few miles of the steamer. A little later a lead opened out through which the Mongolian steamer was in comparative safety. For the first hour or two it was slow work, as the sea was still heavy and continually driving in on the steamer. On getting further off shore the floes opened out more, and at 8 a. m., with fairly clear water, the Mongolian swung around and headed down the coast and around Cape Spear in the direction of Bay Bulls. It was thought at first that the Mongolian might try to run into Petty Harbor, five miles south, but her captain decided to keep on to the more sheltered harbor of Bay Bulls, where it is expected that the steamer will remain until the mouth of St. John's harbor is clear of ice.

In shipping circles the release of the Mongolian is looked upon as particularly fortunate, as the conditions last night were very threatening, and an easterly gale would have seriously injured the vessel.

PUTS ARMS IN FIRE

Ranchman Seeks to Rout Evil Spirits.

Seattle, Wash., May 22.—R. C. McIntosh, 41, a ranchman, was found in his log cabin yesterday with his hands and arms so severely burned as to require amputation. McIntosh said he had read in the Bible of evil spirits, and concluded these had been speaking to him. To rid himself of them he put both arms into the fire. He says it was a slow wood fire in a kitchen stove and he held his arms there for a long time. Following the ordeal he sat and gazed at his hands and arms for hours, and felt a great peace come over him, he said. Then he was satisfied that he had done right.

PLOT TO RUIN MORSE

Wife of the Imprisoned Financier Says He Is a Victim of Injustice.

New York, May 22.—Mrs. Clementine Morse, wife of Charles W. Morse, the former banker, asserted in an interview today that long ago persons high in power vowed that they would ruin her husband and that they have kept their vow against justice and truth.

Mrs. Morse declared that government officials had boasted also that they would cause Morse's downfall, but Mrs. Morse said she did not then believe the courts could be used as a party to the plans of her husband's enemies.

"How many people know that my husband has paid every dollar owed to every depositor in the Bank of North America?" she asked, adding: "Of an indebtedness of $7,000,000, more than $5,000,000 has been paid, and if Mr. Morse had his liberty he would not owe a penny today. It is incredible to me that a court can be used to destroy a man's property and his family made to suffer."

Mrs. Morse said she had sold her jewelry gladly to pay the claims against her which was absolute blackmail, but which was paid to avoid notoriety. Practically all of the furnishings of the handsome home at 728 Fifth avenue, Mrs. Morse said, had been sold for the benefit of the creditors and the house was about to be sold over her head.

"When I leave I shall have no home. I don't know where I shall go," she added.

HONOR THE EMPIRE

Millions in Great Britain Salute Union Jack.

London, May 24.—Empire day, which comes on the anniversary of the birth of the late Queen Victoria, was more generally observed today than since its inauguration.

The day has been selected the occasion upon which the children of the empire shall honor the flag, and it was celebrated in every part of Great Britain. It is estimated that all told not less than 15,000,000 saluted the national emblem and in the United Kingdom alone close to 4,000,000 children took part in the demonstration.

For the first time London had an organized celebration. Five thousand uniformed schoolboys marched through the main streets of the capital to Hyde Park. Here all the children gathered and saluted the national flag as well as the emblem of fifty-six dominions and colonies.

JAPAN IS AMAZED

Graft Disclosures Hit Men Prominent in Public Life.

Tokio, May 21.—Day by day the scores of what is known now as the "Sugar Scandal" increases, and the arm of the law is being stretched into places high and low to arrest and expose those responsible for the most gigantic series of irregularities ever brought to light in Japan.

Aroused by public sentiment the government authorities are leaving no stone upturned and showing no mercy in the expose. One member of parliament after another is placed under arrest. The constitutional party, which carried everything before it in the last session of the diet, has been the chief sufferer, and will find it extremely difficult to rally under the blow.

Make Many Arrests.

There have been arrested so far 20 members of parliament and six directors of the company. A determined effort has been made for the last two sessions of the diet to nationalize the sugar company—that is to say, to get the government to take it from the stockholders.

It appears from confessions alleged to have been made by arrested directors that, in order to bring this about, a sum of $60,000 was spent in bribery. The names of some fifty members of parliament, it is understood, have been mentioned in this connection. Even the upper house suffers a certain loss of prestige.

The charge against the directors are fraud, falsification of private documents and disgracing their office. Among other things dividends were not paid out of legitimate funds, but were distributed for sake of throwing up the value of stock to benefit speculators. A large number of foreigners lost money.

Asures an Improvement.

The whole thing, however, has brought about a somewhat hopeful condition in Japan, where hitherto which the public was invited to invest was not considered as much a reproach upon reputation of men in high standing as in the case in the western countries. This last development has involved so many foreigners as well as Japanese that the widespread publicity and the outcry of the foreigners is likely to have an exceedingly beneficial result. The newspapers of Japan are loud in their praise of the action of the government in arresting the offenders.

JAPS GOOD FARMERS

Those in United States Have Marked Success.

Tokio, May 21.—According to statistics recently compiled there were, in December, 1906, 59,000 Japanese subjects in the United States of America, and out of that total no less than 53 per cent were in California and its immediately neighboring state. In California itself 50 per cent of the total were found, and of these 26 per cent were engaged in labor on railways and in mines, the remaining 24 per cent being occupied with agriculture.

It is in the last named enterprise alone that anything like signal success has been attained. There are 14,000 Japanese farmers, speaking roughly, in the state of California, and they own an aggergate area of 102,000 acres, which land is devoted mainly to the cultivation of fruits and vegetables. Many of the settlers have been living there for some ten to thirty years. They speak English excellently and may be said to be virtually domiciled.

An important feature is their contribution to trade with Japan, but much more remarkable the the sums remitted by them to the home country. In 1904 they sent to Japan $3,750,000, in 1905 nearly $5,000,000, and in 1908, $5,633,000.

AGUINALDO VISITS

Manila, May 24.—Emilio Aguinaldo, commander-in-chief of the native forces during the period of the insurrection, left for Bagnio yesterday to pass a week as the guest of Vice Governor W. Cameron Forbes at the latter's country place. This is Aguinaldo's first visit to the northern mountains since his memorable retreat in that direction with several columns of American troops in pursuit.

Aguinaldo has been recently engaged in planting at Cavite, having withdrawn from public life.

Defends Her Husband's Name

Mrs. Charles W. Morse, wife of the New York banker now in prison, who declares her husband is the victim of a conspiracy. She says he has paid $5,000,000 of his debts and could pay all if at liberty.

MRS. GOULD WINS SUIT

Is Given Her Freedom With Partial Custody of the Children.

New York, May 21.—Mrs. Helen Kelly Gould has been granted an interlocutory decree of divorce from Frank J. Gould by Justice Gerard in the supreme court. The decision was rendered on the report of Edward G. Whitaker as referee, who decided that charges made against Gould had been proven.

He finds Gould guilty as charged by his wife and gives her the sole custody of the children, Helen, Margaret and Dorothy Gould, from December to April, their father to have them from April to November inclusive. They are to go to schools selected by the parents.

There is no co-respondent named in the decree and no provision for alimony.

During each of the stated periods the parent not having the children shall have them for short intervals each week. Neither shall have the right to remove to a greater distace than 100 miles from this city without the written consent of the other. Until the children are old enough to attend school Mr. Gould must pay for their instruction and tuition, provided they are sent to his home everymorning for such instruction, or, in case his residence is closed, to some other suitable place to be selected by him. When the children are old enough to attend school they shall be sent to such school or schools as shall be selected by Gould from a list of ten suitable schools within a radius of 300 miles of this city.

The decree provides that during their minority Gould shall, at his own expense, whenever needed, provide the children with medical attendance and the services of Dr. William B. Anderton. The decree sets forth that the children shall pass a portion of each Christmas holiday with each of their parents.

The possibility of Mrs. Gould's seeking another husband is provided for. In case of her marriage Mr. Gould shall have the children from May to January, inclusive, the former regulation about visits to the mother being continued.

GET GAY WELCOME

Yankee Tars Prove Novel Sight at Natchez.

Natchez, Miss., May 21.—When the huge anchors rattled over the bok and bit into the slime at the bottom of the river before this picturesque city, last evening, one-half the river journey of the battleship Mississippi had been completed. It was a noisy finish. The jackies in snow white uniforms manned the rails, and were gazed at curiously by the immense throngs ashore. Steamboats, ferries and factories turned loose their whistles. The warship answered the salute with her siren and tipped her colors.

The day's trip up the river began at Bayou Sara, soon after 5 o'clock yesterday morning. At Fort Adams a salute was fired from the strongest strategic point on the river. Once over the dangerous shoals at the mouth of Red river, the speed was pushed up to 18 knots, and Natchez was reached nearly three hours ahead of the big warship's schedule.

Immediately after the anchors were let go a reception committee went aboard the Mississippi, and after welcoming the vessel, her officers and men, arranged with Captain Fremont about the program of the stay.

PROCESSION OF ICE

Frozen Masses Are Steadily Floating Past Labrador.

St. John's, N. F., May 24.—With but little slackening the Labrador current continues to carry with it on its course past the eastern Newfoundland ports a steady procession of ice cakes, constituting fields of almost interminable length.

Today during a temporary break in the ice fields three steamers successfully ran the blockade. The steamer Rosalind, four days late in starting on her regular trip, managed to slip through one of the narrow open spaces in the ice and left for New York. The entrance to the harbor was successfully accomplished by the steamers Briardene from Cadiz, and Ryhope from Montreal.

MAKE NO ARRESTS

Pittsburg Police Do Not Act on Graft Charges.

Pittsburg, May 24.—So far none of the five men against whom Mrs. Annie C. Klein, wife of former Councilman John F. Klein, made information Saturday charging conspiracy to manufacture evidence against councilmen involved in the councilmanic graft scandal, have been arrested. Statements will be issued late today by District Attorney Blakeley and A. L. Well, president of the Voters' league, concerning the scandals.

DRIVEN THROUGH TREE

Freak of Tornado Shown at Home of S. M. Roberts, Near Dallas.

Dallas, Ga., May 24.—Each day brings to light some new freak of the tornado which caused death and destruction in this part of the state a few days ago. Reports coming in from the mountains indicate acres and acres of big timber leveled.

As an evidence of the freakish force of the wind, a big pine tree and a large plank on the property of Hon. S. M. Roberts, about twelve miles from here, are now joined as if done by an expert carpenter.

Although the tree was a large one, the plank was picked up and driven through the center as neatly as if shot from a gun. Not only was the plank shot through the tree, but it went through without tearing the tree.

The plank was picked up in the yard of Mr. Roberts' sawmill and other planks in the pile were not molested by the wind. So singular does Mr. Roberts consider this action of the tornado that he has posted a notice, telling how the plank was driven through the big pine and ordering that it shall not be cut down.

"I want it to stay just like it is," said Mr. Roberts, "so that people in the future may see that our recent tornado was as freakish as it was deadly."

Huge poplars, oaks and pines on the extensive property of Mr. Roberts were uprooted and broken off, while in some cases they were twisted off as if by a giant hand.

The beautifuu residence of Mr. Roberts, nestling in a valley among the hills, was passed over by the tornado, but one of his sawmills was demolished.

REBELS SWEEP ISLAND

Capture Several Towns on Haitian Boundary of San Domingo Republic.

Cape Hatien, May 24.—Another revolution is on in full blast in Santo Domingo. The revolutionists are sweeping all before them in their attacks upon towns in the northeastern quarter of the republic.

Their straggling troops have stormed the walls of Guayubin and Dajabon, under the command of General Camanche, former governor of Monte Christi.

These towns, which are on the Dajabon river, which separates the Dominican republic from Haiti, are considered of strategical importance by General Camanche and his revolutionary associate, General Quirite Felice.

Monte Christi has been the scene of fierce fighting between loyal troops and the revolutionists.

Puerto Plata, a town of 15,000 inhabitants on the northern coast of the island, has been devastated by revolutionary fighting, and it is reported that Jose Bordas, its governor, is either dead or in the hands of the rebels.

No communication exists between the war district, in the northeast, and the rest of the island. Government levies are to be hurried by sea to the disaffected districts.

'AVENGER BILL' FREED

Jury Finds He Killed in Self-Defense.

Washington, May 22. — William Jones, known as "Avenger Bill" Jones because of his attempt to shoot Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, while the former was being removed from the court house to the jail here, was declared not guilty by a jury of the murder of John O. McPherson, who was killed by Jones in October last. Self defense was the plea of the defense.

Heart Trouble

from Childhood

"I suffered with my heart from girlhood; could not sleep on left side. Eleven bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy removed all these troubles, and brought complete recovery." MRS. H. C. CRUSE, San Francisco, Calif.

The life of the body is the blood. It runs on and on, carrying nourishment and gathering up impurities as long as life lasts—the heart makes it go. When the heart is weak it cannot do this, and dizzy spells, palpitation, short breath, indicate that it is doing its work imperfectly.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy strengthens the heart nerves and muscles, and restores normal action to the heart.

The first bottle will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

THAW SCORES LAWYER

From His Asylum Cell the Slayer of White Makes Attack on Hartridge.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 24.—Harry K. Thaw and his mother, Mary Copley Thaw, have issued statements attacking the affidavit made by Clifford W. Hartridge, formerly of counsel for Thaw, in which the lawyer said that he had spent approximately $40,000, "hush money" to conciliate persons who would otherwise have injured his client.

Mr. Hartridge is suing for counsel fees and issued his statement after a motion had been made by Mrs. Thaw calling for a bill of particulars in his suit. Harry Thaw is in the Matteawan asylum for the criminal insane, near here, and his mother has been almost constantly in touch with him. Her statement says in part:

"While sorry for the state of mind that inspired it, I read the extraordinary affidavit and statement of Mr. Hartridge with no small satisfaction. They show the groundlessness of his claim. I never asked him to 'hush' anything. It is news to me that I asked him to keep my son out of Matteawan. That question was not raised from the time I met Mr. Hartridge until Mr. Delmas was in charge, and the trial half over, at Mr. Jerome's instigation."

Harry Thaw's statement is similar to that of his mother, but in addition it bristles with personal attacks upon Hartridge. The statements says among others things:

"The affidavit published by G. W. Hartridge is composed of falsehoods from beginning to end. Were there any truth in it I should have him disbarred, but there is no truth in it. He never spent forty thousand, nor one thousand nor one hundred dollars in 'hush money,' as he pretends.

"Any newspaper man in New York can tell you that Hartridge's pretense of having suppressed anything is humbug. A person like Hartridge could not close one eyelash of the thousand-eyed press. All Hartridge does is to repeat vaguely some fabrication, then pretend he spent money to keep this from the knowledge of the district attorney or the newspapers."

Mr. Hartridge is suing for approximately $70,000 in all for counsel fees and expenses, and more than half of this he says, $40,000, to be exact, was spent as "hush money."

HUNT FOR ROBBERS

Sheriff and Police of Omaha Are Unable to Get Trace of Car Bandits.

Omaha, May 24.—Although the police and the sheriff have had large forces of men searching the country around the scene of the hold-up of a Union Pacific passenger train three miles west of Omaha, little progress has been made toward tracing the escaped robbers.

Two empty mail pouches taken from the train were found some distance from the point where the robbery occurred. They had been cut open and their contents removed, the outlaws overlooking only one package.

That the robbers had laid their plans well is apparent. They dropped from sight so quickly that no one has been able to give a clue to the direction in which they went. The empty mail pouches were found near Forty-third and Jackson streets, which leads the police to believe that the robbers came toward Omaha after holding up the train.

Faces Hidden by Masks.

All four of the men wore long coats and their features were entirely masked, giving no opportunity for identification of the men by members of the train crew.

The Union Pacific railroad has made every effort to trace the men, but has found little in the way of clues on which to work. The postoffice department has also taken steps to aid in the search.

What means of escape the robbers selected is indefinite, but officers believe they had either an automobile or a fast horse. The fact that only two of the rifled pouches have been found indicates that they were in no hurry to divide their loot, and Capt. Savage, of the Omaha detective department, believes that his men will be able to find some trace of the outlaws before they can get far away.

Climb Into Engine.

Two of the robbers climbed onto the engine with drawn revolvers and forced the engineer to stop the train. The engine crew was ordered out of the cab and two of the robbers stood guard while the other two escorted the engineer and fireman to the rear. The quartet were apparently well acquainted with the ground, as they forced the train to stop in a deep cut.

There were eight clerks on the mail car and they were forced to open the door. The chief clerk was singled out and asked to point out the registered mail. This he did, and the robbers gathered up seven pouches. The leader then remarked: "This is all we can get into our automobile."

They left the scene quickly, walked down the track 300 feet and clambered out of the cut.

Keep Up Fusillade.

A continuous fusillade of shooting was kept up during the robbery, evidently to intimidate passengers and crew. A flagman who went to the rear narrowly escaped being shot. Several passengers who had not retired started to get out of the vestibules, but in no uncertain tones the robbers ordered them back into the cars.

The registered pouches were all destined to eastern points, the greater part of them being for Chicago and New York. Clerk Whitmore says that the pouches were among the less important of the registered mail. The robber who entered the car asked for the "bank mail," but whether there was any great amount of money in the pouches is not known.

The Union Pacific officials at once offered a reward of $5,000 each for the capture of the robbers.

Government Stirred Up.

Washington, May 24.—Stirred as it has not been over a train hold-up in years, the officials of the postoffice department have taken prompt and vigorous steps to capture the robbers and secure the booty taken by the men who held up and robbed the Union Pacific Overland Limited train near Omaha last Saturday night.

The office of Chief Inspector McMillan, of the postoffice department, is today one of unusual activity over the daring robbery, and the greatest interest is being manifested in the case. A force of postal inspectors, men picked for their known bravery and nerve, are already on the scene of the hold up, working in co-operation with the Union Pacific inspectors and authorities in an effort to round up the robbers. This force will be increased by tomorrow with several more men in whom the chief inspector has every confidence in their nerve and ability. This force will work directly under the chief inspector here.

WINCHESTER

CARTRIDGES

For Rifles, Revolvers and Pistols

Winchester cartridges in all calibers from .22 to .50, shoot where you aim when the trigger is pulled. They are always accurate, reliable and uniform. Shoot them and You'll Shoot Well.

Always Buy Winchester Make.

THE RED W BRAND

FRISCO TORN BY CLIQUES

War on Graft Results in Much Bitter Feeling.

San Francisco, May 22.—It would be difficult to name a day in the near or distant future when the flag of peace will again wave over this city, as new complications are daily making the situation troublesome and prevent a possibility of keeping the fact a secret that San Francisco is in distress. The outside world will never know, however, to what extent abnormal conditions have prevailed the past two or three years, nor the price it has cost.

A chain of circumstances embracing the enactment of certain reforms, together with differences political, financial, industrial and social, and the effort to punish the criminals has furnished unlimited grounds to divide the city into factions detrimental to the welfare of all and has caused business, social and political friends of long standing to become bitter enemies. Newspapers, business firms, families, societies, clubs and other organizations have arrayed themselves on opposite sides, for or against different movements. Political factions are fighting for control of the city and county government. The activity of the reform movement, which is popular in some quarters, has generated adverse opinions among those who object to the cost of operations to the city and county.

Object to Burns Family.

The opposition assert that the secret service department attached to the district attorney's office is an unnecessary burden of expense. They have asked the courts for an injunction stopping the city and county from paying another dollar toward what they term "the spy system," which they allege is becoming too exclusively political fund in the past ten months. Burns and his family too much prominence on the payroll of the city and county.

The report of the city's supervisors shows that Wm. J. Burns and his three sons have drawn $13,000 from the public fund in thepast ten months. Burns received compensation as special agent at the annual rate of $11,956.81; Raymond J. Burns, the elder son, as an assistant to his father in the secret service department, at the rate of $2,325.24 per annum. George Burns, the second son, acting as assistant to his father, received $625.50; Sherman Burns, age eighteen years, the third son of Wm. J. Burns, has drawn as special agent about $700. Omitting the names of the other assistants in this department who received $18,000, together with other expenses incurred, the sum total of $40,477.21, was paid out of the city ad county fund since July, 10, 1908.

Question Heney's Position.

Another turn closely allied to the application for injunction is the claim made by those opposed to further action on the part of the sceret service department, calling attention to the charter of the city, which provided that no man shall hold public office in the city of San Francisco unless he has lived in the city five years at the time of taking the office. It was thought this might bar F. J. Heney from further connection with the district attorney's office, though there is no record to show that Mr. Heney has received a cent from the public funds.

The result of the trial of Patrick Calhoun, head of the United Railways, now pending, will largely influence the plans of the future, if further activities are to continue.

NOT TO JUGGLE TIME

Taft Decides to Let Clocks Keep Old Rule.

Washington, May 19.—Father Time has scored another victory. President Taft and his cabinet, after mature deliberation, have decided not to encroach upon his prerogatives or question his right to run the clocks of the government. Whatever distress may have been caused the old man by the suggestion that the government could regulate its clocks and run them without regard to the rising and setting of the sun was removed yesterday when the cabinet formally decided that it would not attempt to interfere with the well established routine of affairs.

The federal clocks will continue to tick out standard time and Father Time, with absolute confidence, can depend upon their accuracy.

Old Office Hours to Stay.

The federal employe will not be required to set his alarm clock to commence work with the rising of the sun nor will he be free to gambol on the green during the hours of early afternoon. His allotted toil will be performed during office hours which have long been established.

While it was generally admitted by the President and his advisers that the welfare of the clerks and the business interests of the government could be promoted so far as the volume of work was concerned, by regulating the hours of labor according to the rising of the sun, it was found that the plans which have been advanced by organized movements in Cincinnati and other western cities and are to receive parliamentary consideration in England are not feasible short of a revolution which would disturb banking and commercial conditions generally and be widespread in its effect upon the railroads.

PUT BAN ON LIQUOR

Muskegon Ministers Bar It From Weddings.

Muskegon, Mich., May 24.—At all six of the Holland-American churches in this city, where there is a large population of former Hollanders, it was announced by the ministers yesterday that they have made an agreement not to officiate at any weddings unless a pledge is made that there will be no liquor served either during or after the ceremony. The combined action of the ministers follows several scandals which have grown out of drinking at weddings here.

The ministers further announced that men affiliated with clubs which serve beer on Sunday will be cut off from the church unless they cancel their membership.

BRAVE FIGHT BY WIFE

Woman Prevents Authorities From Taking Husband From Her.

Washington, May 21.—Despite all attempts of the medical authorities to prove John B. Early a leper and separate him permanently from his wife and children, the pretty youthful wife of the suspected man has refused to accept their opinions and has stood by her husband with touching devotion. Since August last the suspect has occupied a little cottage, separated only by a fence from the house occupied by his wife, where she and the children could talk with him and can now watch him at work in a little garden.

Mrs. Early has resorted to everything a loving wife might do to aid her husband. She first prevented the authorities from separating him entirely from his family and human association, and has tried to obtain every method of treatment that medical science could suggest.

Her latest move has been to engage an eminent specialist to study her husband's case and has just received his first report, which has given her fresh encouragement and hope.

The specialist, whose name she will not disclose, stated as his belief that Early is not a leper, but will make laboratory tests before giving a final opinion.

Early's only intercourse with the outside world is through his wife, who gives him every care and attention she is permitted. With two of their children she watches him from her side of the fence and converses with him. The eldest of the children, a little boy, has not been told of his father's alleged malady and cannot understand why his father does not kiss him and play with him as formerly. The younger child, five months old, was born after Early's isolation.

WANTS GOOD HOMES

Better Than Libraries, Says Surgeon General.

Washington, May 22.—"If a Carnegie or a Rockefeller would invest $10,000,000 in model houses for the poor of this city, placing the trust in competent hands and devoting the returns to the construction of additional modern homes, we venture to say the resulting benefit to the wage earners and to the community generally would be far greater than could be obtained from the same amount of money invested in libraries or hospitals," declared Surgeon General George M. Sternberg, U. S. A., president of the President's Homes commission, in speaking before the national conference on city planning.

General Sternberg asserted that private enterprise has proved inadequate in meeting the question of improved housing conditions here.

Henry Morgenthau, of New York, told of the congestion of the population problem in New York city, while Benjamin C. Marsh, of New York spoke of the national phase of the city planning idea, holding that even if New York city alone were affected thereby, it would be of national importance because thousands of emigrants spread to hundreds of cities throughout the country rabid iconoclastic views which they gather while living in the congested districts of New York city. Representative Olcott, of New York, presided at the meeting.

AMERICANS FREED

Men Sentenced for Murder Win Liberty.

Chihuahua, Mex., May 24.—The Mexico supreme court today ordered the release of Ole E. Finstand and "Shorty" Coughener, Americans, convicted of the murder of Charles McMurray and Robert Rutherford, the latter a wealthy Philadelphian. McMurray was the brother-in-law of Finstand.

McMurray and Rutherford were killed at the ranch of Finstand in Chihuahua. Coughener was badly wounded too. Finstand and Coughener claimed that the crimes were committed by Mexican bandits, but the Mexican courts convicted the two Americans and sentenced them to imprisonment in the penitentiary at Chihuahua for twelve and a half years. The supreme court today reversed the case and dismissed the charges.

Finstand is a wealthy citizen of Los Angeles, Cal., and made a fortune in the Klondike.

AS GOOD AS NEW

Cruiser New York Soon Sails for Turkey.

Washington, May 20.—The cruiser New York, practically rebuilt at the Boston navy yard, will sail about June 12 for the Mediterranean to joint the armored cruisers North Carolina and Montana, to enable the three cruisers to drill as a unit on the return voyage from Asiatic Turkey, where the North Carolina and Montana are protecting American interests. It is believed conditions in Turkey will soon be such that the American vessels can be withdrawn and brought back to the United States.

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LYNCH NEGROES

Mobs in Arkansas and Georgia Kill Men Who Attack Whites.

Memphis, May 25.—A special to the Commercial Appeal from Pine Bluff, Ark., says that Lovett Davis, a negro, charged with attempting to criminally assault a 16-year-old white girl, was lynched at midnight.

Lynching in Georgia.

Lincolnton, Ga., May 25.—Albert Aiken, a negro, who wounded John Spires, a white farmer, last Thursday, was hanged early today by 100 men, who broke into the jail, seized the negro and carried him into the country. The body was found today, marked by bullet holes and bearing this placard:

Notice—This is what will happen to all negroes in Lincolnton county under similar circumstances.

REGULARS.

Town Talks Lynching.

Centerville, Ia., May 25.—Centerville is filled with excited people, come to attend the trial of John Junken, a negro, confessed slayer of Clara Rosen, an Ottumwa choir singer, on the night of February 5. Junken crushed the girl's face with a stone after having trailed her from her sister's home to a lonely spot. He had only recently been released from the penitentiary.

There is open talk of lynching, and scouts from Ottumwa are in the town to make the necessary preparations to lynch Junken if the jury fails to inflict the death penalty, it is said.

Miners Terror-Stricken.

Lexington, Ky., May 25.—Negro miners, who were brought to Jackson, Breathitt county, to succeed white miners in the coal mines there, are terror-stricken and are preparing to leave and will get away as rapidly as possible. This follows an attack on their boarding house in which the house was riddled with bullets and one building partly destroyed by dynamite.

The situation is critical today, but no violent act has been committed since Saturday night. Similar conditions exist at Benson Station, Franklin county, where soldiers are guarding negro workmen at the rock quarries. Much feeling has also been engendered in Shelby county because of the proposed location there of a $400,000 negro school.

SIGHTS BIG COMET

Astronomer Says Tail Was Unusually Long.

Geneva, N. Y., May 25.—An unusual astronomical phenomenon which had the appearance of a comet close to the earth, was noticed early yesterday morning at the Smith observatory here, by Dr. William R. Brooks, professor of astronomy at Hobart college. In reporting his observations he says:

"The object was visible in the eastern sky from 2 to 3 o'clock this morning. It had the appearance of a gigantic naked eye comet, with a large head and a tail of enormous proportions. When first seen, the head was in the great square of Pegasus and the tail stretched upward toward the north star, at one time reaching the chair of Cassiopela.

"The motion was rapidly eastward. At 2:30 a. m. the head enveloped the star Algenib and by 3 o'clock it had reached the horizon. Soon after the tail was lost in the rapidly advancing dawn."

Professor Brooks thinks the phenomenon may have been merely an unusual manifestation of the aurora borealis, but if it was a comet, he says, it must have been very close to the earth.

DOVER DOESN'T WIN

Likely to Lose Out on New York Job.

Washington, May 25.—Elmer Dover, the former secretary of the Republican naational committee, whose appointment as national bank examiner at New York has been held up by the comptroller of the currency, will be offered, it is said, a similar post in some other district.

When it was anonunced that Mr. Dover would receive the appointment at New York, there were a number of protests made to the President to the effect that a position paying $12,000 a year was too high a reward for Mr. Dover, who, it was asserted, was opposed to Mr. Taft's nomination up to the very last moment and was replaced on the national committee because of this antagonistic attitude to the candidate.

FIVE CHILDREN BURN IN SCHOOL

Central City, Ky., May 25.—Five children were fatally burned during commencement exercises in a private school here last night.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in strict confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

GIVE RELIGIOUS RIGHTS

Duma to Pass a Law Giving Freedom to Old Believers.

St. Peterbsurg, May 25.—The duma today began the discussion of a law legalizing the sect of Old Believers. This is the first of a series of important measures designed to put into effect the principles of religious liberty enunciated in the emperor's manifesto of May 13, 1905. The sect of the Old Believers, which, in various forms, embraces 15,000,000 worshipers, is the largest dissident body in Russia. It separated from the parent orthodox church during the period of religious reforms under Peter the Great.

The bill, which was first enacted as an emergency measure after the dissolution of the second duma, grants the Old Believers the free practice of their religion together with certain special rites, but it denies them the privilege of proselyting among the members of the orthodox church, of preaching in public, or of using the title of priest for their clergymen.

The bill was subjected to a two-sided attack. A representative of the holy synod denied entirely the right of parliament to legislate in matters affecting the orthodox church, while the Liberals proposed amendments removing the above restriction. The measure probably will be passed in the form it is reported to the Duma.

USED WHIP ON CHILDREN

Englishman and American Wife Are Convicted in Paris.

Paris, May 25.—Cecil H. Sargent, an Englishman, and his American wife, who was Josephine Savin, of New York, were found guilty of maltreating children confided to their care.

Sargent was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and his wife to thirteen months' imprisonment. In addition a small fine was imposed on each.

Mme. Marechal, of Brussels, one of the witnesses, threw herself at the throat of Mrs. Sargent and tried to strangle her. Guards with difficulty pulled the enraged woman away.

Mme. Marechal had testified that she had confided her child to the Sargents five years ago and until recently had not heard any tidings of it. A curious development was a claim set up by a woman from Versailles that the Marechal child was hers. Pending a solution of this the court ordered that the child be kept in the municipal orphanage.

Several witnesses testified that the Sargents had beaten the children and deprived them of food.

Sargent and his wife were arrested at Asnieres last February, charged with the gross ill treatment of four children whom they had adopted. The couple had been in the habit of inserting advertisements in English and Belgian newspapers offering to adopt children for a money consideration.

An effort was made to have Mrs. Sargent examined as to her sanity, but after an investigation by a magistrate both of the Sargents were ordered to stand trial.

ARREST DETECTIVE

Pitsburg Police Serve Warrant for Conspiracy.

Pittsburg, May 25.—This morning an alderman's constable arrested Thomas Donovan, one of the detectives employed by the Voters' League, which brought the graft informations against seven councilmen and two bankers some time ago. He was charged with conspiring to falsely indict a witness and was lodged in the county jail.

MINERS IN DANGER

Hundreds Flee When Fire Is Discovered.

Pittsburg, May 25.—A serious fire started early today in mine No. 3 of the Penn Gas Coal company, a few miles south of Irwin. Over 400 miners were at work. The alarm sent the men scurrying for the shaft and all reached the surface in safety.

The fire started in a rear entry and is making rapid headway. It will have to be walled in and the loss, it is believed, will be heavy. The origin of the fire is not known.

WON'T CUT WAGES

Cotton Mill Owners Will Hold to Present Rates.

Fall River, Mass., May 25.—The present rate of wages in the Fall River print cloth mills will be continued during the next six months, the manufacturer having waived their right under the sliding scale agreement to make a cutdown of about five per cent.

Among the rank and file of the 25,000 workers involved is much elation. Last November similar action was taken by the mill owners when they waived their right to enforce a cut of about 8 per cent.

President of Harvard

ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL.

NEW HAND AT HELM

Lowell Assumes Duties as Head of Harvard.

Cambridge, Mass., May 20.—Abbott Lawrence Lowell now is president of Harvard University. Yesterday he assumed the duties laid down by Charles William Eliot, who had held the office 40 years.

Prof. Lowell was born in Boston on December 13th, 1856. He graduated from Harvard in 1877, and from the law school three years later. After practicing law for 17 years he became connected with the university as a lecturer on the science of government. He is a writer of international reputation, and has a private fortune of over $1,000,000.

It is expected that within a short time, probably at commencement next month, the alumni of Harvard will present former President Eliot with a fund sufficient to enable him to live with every possible comfort the rest of his life. The fund already amounts to $130,000.

WART-HOGS ARE SHOT

Young Roosevelt Proves Clever at Killing Pigs.

WHAT ARE WART-HOGS?

A swine of the genus Phacochoerus. They are named from the warty excrescences of the face. They are without exception the ugliest of mammals. The canine teeth project outward from both jaws, the head is large and unshapely, and the whole form ungainly.—Century Dictionary.

Nairobi, May 25.—A staff correspondent of the Associated Press returned to Nairobi this morning, after a two days' visit at the Roosevelt camp, as the guest of Mr. Roosevelt.

The camp was located on the Heatley ranch, on the banks of the Nairobi river. Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit are in remarkably good health, and they are delighted with the success of their expedition. The result of the rifle fire of Mr. Roosevelt and his son has astonished not only the settlers, but the members of the party. Kermit killed recently, at close range, a hyena that had attacked him and he has also come very near making a record bag of wart-hogs in a given space of time.

Today the party is staying at the Heatley ranch, but tomorrow Mr. Roosevelt, his son and Edmund Heller are coming into Nairobi. Major Kearns and J. Alden Loring will remain at the Ju Ju ranch until Wednesday, collecting birds. Mr. Roosevelt is annoyed at certain special dispatches which, it is reported here, are appearing in American or English newspapers. He requests the Associated Press to send out the following statement:

'No newspaper has a representative with the Roosevelt party, nor any nearer means of gaining information of the party's doings beyond what is generally known. Any special dispatches appearing are, in all human probability, sheer inventions. Moreover the details which purport to be thus obtained can only be due to bribery, and it is safe to state that a dishonorable man giving a bribe and a dishonorable man accepting the same would be willing to invent untruths for money or traffic in other forms of dishonor."

COAL STRIKE ENDS

Agreement Is Reached in British Columbia.

Winnipeg, Man., May 24.—It was announced this morning that the strike of the coal miners which had affected nearly all of the mines of southern Alberta and Eastern British Columbia for three months has been settled by the board of Conciliation appointed by the government under the Lemieux act, assisted by board members of the United Mine Workers of America, sent from Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

The terms arrived at are those agreed to at the first conference to which district President Sherman objected, although approved by the votes of the miners' lodges and against which Sherman ordered the strike. The miners yielded on the open shop contention and the mine operators yielded as to discrimination against union members. The terms of the agreement are binding on both parties for three years. The agreement will be signed Wednesday and work resumed the following day. The end came none too soon as the manufacturing at the chief centers in Alberta and Eastern British Columbia are out of coal. Seven to ten thousand men were forced into idleness by the strike order.

MESSINA IS SHAKEN

New Earthquake Afflicts the Italian City.

Messina, May 25.—One of the severest shocks since the great earthquake occurred here yesterday afternoon. The movement was both vertical and horizontal, and lasted ten seconds. The shock was preceded by a rumbling noise. The populace fled panic-stricken, and the walls of the ruins in various places collapsed.

GEORGIA MAIL DELAYED

Postoffice Authorities Fear Serious Effect of Strike.

Washington, May 25.—Each day that the tie-up on the Georgia railroad continues because of the striking firemen on that system adds greater concern to officials of the postoffice department. The only interest the department has in the matter is the prompt dispatch of mails along that line, and the inability to do so occasions considerable anxiety.

What is the particular concern to officials here is the fact that owing to the failure of the company to move its trains, the mails are becoming very much congested at Atlanta and Augusta and other places, and should the strike continue it is feared that the unusual accumulation will seriously interfere with the ordinary business in those offices.

Reports are coming in daily to the department from business men and others all along the Georgia railroad indicating that the lack of mail facilities is proving a source of great inconvenience not to mention business loss. Appeals are coming asking that every effort be exhausted in an endeavor to provide the citizens with their mail. So anxious are they to secure some kind of service that automobiles and other means are being employed for that purpose.

FUTURE OF MINISTRY

Presbyterian Divine Laments Lack of Christian Teaching.

Denver, Col., May 25.—"Grace is not usually said over champagne and lobster a la Newburg."

"Family altars are not raised over Persian rugs."

"Students for the ministry do not as a rule get their early training running steam yachts."

These remarks by Dr. Joseph W. Cochran, of Philadelphia, secretary of the Presbyterian board of education, caused great interest in the Presbyterian general assembly.

Dr. Cochran spoke on the report of the board of education which deplored the lack of recruits for the ministry.

The report was read by Dr. Edgar P. Hill, of Chicago, who stirred the assembly by his description of the ignorance among immigrants, due, he said, to the fact that no Protestant denomination, and surely not the Presbyterian, has taken the trouble to stir up a sufficient number of ministerial recruits to work among the people.

"Why can't we get young men to preach?" asked Dr. Cochran. "I'll tell you. In the first place, there is but little Christianity in the home. If there is any, it is gone by the time the young man is ready for an education.

"Does he go for his education to a Christian school—Presbyterian school? No. He goes to a Godless state university, and when he returns to his home town he puts religion at a low ebb. And if you ministers find your churches at low ebb, know where to place the blame.

TAFT NEARLY ARRESTED

Is Caught Picking the Nation's Posies in Washington.

Washington, May 25.—President Taft telephoned yesterday morning to James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, that the secretary has a capable guardian of his flower beds and recommended the watchman for promotion.

The President, Captain Archibald Butt, military aid and friend, went for a spin in the White House motor car at twilight. Passing the department of agriculture grounds the President was attracted by the beautiful flower beds in front of the secretary's office.

Mr. Taft stopped the machine and the three began industriously picking flowers. The President finished his bouquet first and was walking to his machine when a watchman rushed across the lawn, shouting angrily.

"Say!" he cried, "don't you know you are breaking the law? What do you mean by stealing government property?"

Captain Butt looked up from his work in surprise and was about to reply, when the President, swathed to the ears in an overcoat, as he always is when automobiling, turned back from the motor car and joined in the watchman's attack. The President had hid his bouquet in the machine.

"There, Archie, what did I tell you?" he said, accusingly. "Didn't I tell you to leave those flowers alone? I told you that Uncle Jimmie Wilson would have someone looking after those beds."

The watchman turned sharply to this intruder, but as he did so the Taft laugh shook the leaves of the oaks. The watchman started to apologize.

"Don't say a word," the President said, "you did just your duty, and I am going to tell the secretary so. If you'll let us go without arrest this time, I promise that we will not steal any more of your flowers."

KEEP LUMBER DUTY

Senators Vote Against the McCumber Amendment.

Washington, May 25.—Free lumber had its death knell sounded in the senate yesterday when the McCumber amendment to the tariff bill was defeated by a vote of 52 to 56. Only ten Democrats voted in favor of the amendment, while the fifteen Republicans voting with them embraced nine of the progressive band. Senator Dolliver voted with the majority and his colleague, Senator Cummins, voted the other way. Senator Borah, who on most matters has voted with the progressives, was with Senator Dolliver in this instance.

The defeat of the McCumber amendment leaves the lumber schedule the same as in the house bill, which reduced the duty on ordinary sawed lumber from $2 to $1 per thousand feet, and left the differential the same as in the Dingley act. It is the finance committee's plan now to have the lumber section of the bill passed over for the present, with a view to submitting amendments after further consideration. The understanding is that Chairman Aldrich will propose making the date on rough lumber to $1.50 and lowering the differentials affecting the planed, tongued and grooved products. Incidental to this one element may make an effort to restore the Dingley rate on rough lumber, but the finance committee undoubtedly will control.

WILL PUNISH CONSPIRATORS

Washington, May 25.—For the first time in so serious a case the supreme court of the United States will, on next Tuesday, undertake to mete out punishment for the crime of contempt of court itself, and the importance of the occasion will be enhanced by the number of the defendants.

The proceeding will take place in connection with the case of Sheriff Shipp and Deputy Sheriff Gibson, of Hamilton county, Tennessee, and of four other residents of that county, named respectively Williams, Nolan, Padgett and May.

These men are declared by the court to be guilty of an act of contempt in combining in 1905 in a conspiracy to lynch a negro named Johnson, who had been sentenced to death by the local courts on the charge of rape, and in whose case the supreme court had interfered to the extent of granting an appeal which had the effect of a supersedeas.

Didn't Resist Mob.

On the night following the announcement of the court's action Johnson was taken out of the jail in Chattanooga by a mob and lynched. There was no resistance on the part of the jail authorities, and Shipp and a number of his deputies, as well as about 20 citizens, were proceeded against on the charge of contempt of the federal court.

The case has been pending ever since and the number of defendants was from time to time reduced to nine. Of these nine three were today found guiltless, while the other six were ordered to be brought into court next Tuesday for sentence. They will be taken into custody immediately and will appear in court in charge of Marshal Wright. The sentence may be either fine or imprisonment, or both.

Case Stands Alone.

The case is regarded as of exceptional interest because it is practically the first time that the highest court in the United States has ever undertaken to assert its dignity or to resent acts or words reflecting upon it. In one previous case, some years ago, a defendant was fined for some expression of contempt, but the case was so comparatively insignificant as to practically leave the present proceeding stand alone.

In the cases of Sheriff Shipp and Deputy Gibson the court in effect declares that there may be contempt in a failure of officers of the law to prevent a crime in contempt of court, and in taking cognizance of an offense at so great a distance, the court for the first time asserts by action its right to compel the proper respect for and treatment of its verdicts in all parts of the Union.

Three Judges Dissent.

In the dissenting opinion of Justice Peckham, which was participated in by Justice White and McKenna, there was also a complete review of the case, and in this opinion the conclusion arrived at was quite contrary to that of a majority of the court. It was held by the dissenters that there was no evidence whatever connecting Sheriff Shipp or his deputies with any part in the lynching conspiracy. After detailing all the circumstances leading up to the lynching and telling of Mr. Shipp's going to the jail, Justice Peckham said:

"The sheriff was 63 years old at this time, and, on account of his physical condition, unable in any event, to have offered any great resistance. There were at least ten or fifteen of the men around him who were armed, and the sequel proved that many more in the crowd were also armed. Others were standing back and looking on.

Whether the sheriff might possibly have been quicker with his gun and taken it out of his pocket and shot some of them is not certain from the evidence, but the odds of even ten or fifteen to one are somewhat large, and that he did not kill or attempt to kill any of them is no evidence whatever of complicity with these miscreants, and certainly no evidence of court. It seems to me most extraordinary that even an official under these circumstances can be found guilty of a contempt, because, in fact, he did not resist to the death."

Commenting on Sheriff Shipp's statement that he had made no attempt to hurt any of the lynchers, Justice Peckham said that he could not have done anything if he had made the effort, because of the numbers against him. The effort, he said, "could have resulted only in his being actually overwhelmed and possibly killed, while the negro would not have been saved." He decalred that there was no one to whom the sheriff could have appealed for aid. Mr. Peckham found no contempt in Shipp's allegation that the intervention of the supreme court in the case had caused the lynching, because he, himself, believed that to be true.

SHAFT TO REGULARS

Tribute to the Fallen Heroes of Gettysburg Is Completed.

Gettysburg, Pa., May 25.—Arrangements have been completed for the dedication on the battlefield here next Monday afternoon of the monument erected by act of congress to commemorate the services of the regular army of the United States in the Gettysburg campaign of June and July, 1863.

President Taft will be the central figure in the ceremonies an dwill deliver the oration. Miss Helen H. Taft, the President's daughter, will unveil the monument. The President will arrive here Monday morning from Pittsburg and will be met by a committee of prominent citizens of the historic town and will be escorted by United States regulars.

Secretary of War Dickinson will deliver an address and transfer the monument to the Gettysburg National Park commission. The memorial will be accepted by Lieutenant Col. John P. Nicholson, chairman of the commission. Following the placing of laurel wreaths at the base of the monument by the oldest regimental or battery commander in the Gettysburg campaign attending the dedication, President Taft will review the troops on the field.

The monument is a beautiful shaft 85 feet high, surrounded at the base by a broad granite terrace. It stands on Hancock avenue a short distance south of highwater mark of the battle of Gettysburg. The monument represents all of the 42 cavalry, artillery, infantry and engineer organizations of the regular army that participated in the campaign. In addition there has been erected a small monument seven feet high for each of the commands at the location it occupied during the battle. The large central monument and the 42 smaller memorials are all appropriately inscribed.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, May 18.—Senate.—After devoting the greater part of the day's session to debate, the Senate passed upon a number of important committee amendments to the tariff bill. It also disposed of adversely an amendment by Mr. Stone restoring the Dingley rates on razors. On that vote most of the progressive Republicans voted in the affirmative with the Democrats. More than two hours were devoted to a discussion of a resolution by Senator Gore to investigate the cost of production at home and abroad and the relative price of commodities at home and at wholesale and retail. The resolution was referred to the committee on finance. Considerable progress was made in the adoption of several sections of the tariff bill. There were several amendments decreasing duties formerly reported by the committee, but some of the others adopted increased duties.

The House was not in session today.

Wednesday, May 19.—Senate.—A denunciation of the sugar trust and an appeal for a similar differential duty on refined sugar in the interest of consumers were the features of an extended address before the Senate today by Senator Clay, of Georgia. Mr. Paynter sought to reduce the duty on linotype and other typesetting machines from 30 per cent ad valorem as provided in the tariff bill to 10 per cent ad valorem, but by a vote of 65 to 43 his amendment was rejected. All sections of the metal schedule were agreed to before adjournment and Mr. Aldrich announced that tomorrow he would take up sections previously passed over in the chemical schedule.

The House was not in session today.

Thursday, May 20.—Senate.—The Senate spent the day in the discussion of amendments to the tariff bill. The white lead duty was reduced to 2¾ cents a pound, Mr. Aldrich having accepted an amendment to that effect offered by Senator Curtis. This duty being higher than that fixed by the House was opposed by ten Republican senators. After a long discussion Mr. Aldrich withdrew the provision fixing a duty of 3 cents a gallon on cotton seed oil. Mr. La Follette offered an amendment to reduce the duty on quebracho to one-quarter of a cent a pound. It was defeated, 29 to 38. House.—The session of the House lasted but five minutes. There was such a meager representation of members that Mr. Macon, of Arkansas, raised the point of no quorum. This was promptly conceded by Mr. Dalzell, who was the speaker pro tempore, and thereupon adjournment was taken until Monday next.

Friday, May 21.—Senate.—Several paragraphs of the tariff bill were disposed of today, with the understanding that the Senate might still return to them if thought advisable. The House rates on polished glass were retained, notwithstanding the opposition of the Republican progressives. The duty on feldspar was increased and that on mica and gypsum reduced. The finance committee's automobile schedule was adopted.

The House was not in session today.

Saturday, May 22.—Senate.—By special agreement the senate took no votes today on any subject and the entire session was devoted to speechmaking. The lumber schedule was under discussion during the greater part of the day. Senator McCumber introduced the subject by presenting an amendment providing for free lumber, and he was on the floor several times in support of this provision. He contended that the American forests were being rapidly depleted and urged that every encouragement should be given to the bringing in of foreign lumber. On the other hand, Senators Elkins, Scott and Heyburn, all of them representing lumber-producing constituencies, contended strenuously for a higher duty than is allowed by the house bill. They controverted the theory that the American lumber supply is rapidly diminishing. Once more the senate placed on record its determination not to undertake other legislation while the tariff bill is pending. This action was taken in opposition to an effort on the part of Senator Burton, former chairman of the house committee on rivers and harbors and now a member of the senate committee on commerce, to have extended certain appropriations for the improvement of the country's water ways. He was antagonized by Senators Hale and Clapp and was compelled to desist. Senator Bailey began the day by demanding that the advocates of the tariff bill should maintain a quorum notwithstanding there was to be no votes taken, and he and other senators were responsible for a number of roll calls. The attendance was good, however, and there was no indication of its falling off in interest. As a concession to the senators who were demanding time for attention to their correspondence, the senate adjourned.

The house was not in session today.

Monday, May 24.—Senate.—The lumber schedule of the tariff bill was under consideration almost the entire day in the senate, with Senators Root, Heyburn, Borah and Dolliver contending on the one hand for a protection for the industry, and Senators Clapp, Burkett and McCumber arguing as strenuously against that policy. The day closed with more than a two-thirds vote against Senator McCumber's free lumber amendment, the ballot showing 25 for and 56 against. The surprise of the day was the attitude of Senator Dolliver, who heretofore has stood with the "progressives." He today took positive position against the radical demand for free lumber, but expressed the opinion that the industry would not suffer from a reduction of the Dingley rates. Senator Root argued in favor of a differential on dressed lumber. Senators Borah and Heyburn, of Idaho, contended for the highest duty on lumber. During the day Senator Heyburn spoke of the Republican platform of the last campaign in a way that brought down some criticism on his head, and Senator Bailey declared that he did not propose to be bound by the platform aopted by the Democrats at Denver. Senator Owen mae a sharp attack upon the present tariff on sugar, saying that it led to frauds by a "trust." Senator Aldrich introduced a resolution providing for an investigation of the expenditures of the various legislative departments.

House.—The Republicans of the house today again took matters in their own hands, and with a sudden show of strength passed the Philippine tariff bill, the consideration of which had been concluded two weeks ago, referred the message of the President regarding Porto Rican affairs to the committee on ways and means and devoted some time to a discussion of the bill amending the laws of Porto Rico so as to divest the legislature of certain authority. When the body met, Mr. Macon (Ark.), made his usual point of no quorum, but Mr. Payne, instead of moving an adjournment as he had done heretofore, forced a call of the house, and a quorum appeared within a short time. The feature of the day was a speech of considerable length by Mr. Larringa, the Porto Rican commissioner, vigorously opposing the bill affecting the island represented by him and denouncing the executive council or upper branch of the legislature of Porto Rico. The bill was pending when the house adpourned until Thursday.

WIFE'S BATTLE FAILS

An Expert From Denmark Tells Woman Husband Is a Leper.

Washington, May 25.—John Early, the leper, whose case has provoked widespread interest, especially in the medical world, yesterday submitted to an examination by Dr. Edward Ehlers, of Copenhagen, one of the world's foremost leprosy experts, who was brought here by the Washington Post for the purpose of diagnosing the case.

Dr. Ehlers asserted that, in his opinion, there is no possible doubt that Early is afflicted with the dread Asiatic scourge. Early does not know the result of the examination, though Dr. Ehlers communicated it to Mrs. Early. The disease is in an incipient stage, he said, and, although he would not admit that it was curable, he thought the disease might be arrested if proper measures were followed.

Early is a native of Lynn, N. C., and contracted the disease while serving as a soldier in the Philippines.

MRS. TAFT BETTER

Washington, May 25.—Mrs. Taft, whose condition for several days has been a matter of some concern during the past week, now is much improved and is able to leave her room and walk about the White House. It is not likely, however, that she will accompany the President to Pittsburg the latter part of the week or to Gettysburg next week, where Mr. Taft will deliver a Memorial day oration, and Miss Helen Taft will unveil a memorial shaft to the regular soldiers who lost their lives on the Gettysburg battlefields.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, May 22.—Bradstreet's says: Weather conditions continue irregular, but a change for the better has occurred in staple crop conditions, and retail business is slightly improved, though disappointind and showing evidence of the repression heretofore evident. Re-order business from jobbers and wholesalers has been rather quiet, but there is, if anything, a more assured optimism permeating the reports as to the outlook for next fall and winter's trade.

Best reports as to retail trade are from the upper part of the great central valley and its tributaries. Cold wet weather has interfered with business in parts of New England and the middle Atlantic states, and trade seems slow to improve in San Francisco and in parts of the Pacific northwest.

At wholesale, preparations for a good trade later on are encouraging. The leather situation as a whole is very strong. Reductions in prices of printed cotton goods have induced the booking of large orders. Building is active, though lumber demand seems to drag. All these indications of activity have to do with future trade, the expectation being that the removal of tariff uncertainty will give an impetus to general business. Retail trade, though better than a year ago, has been on the whole disappointing, causes assigned for this being weather conditions and the high prices asked for goods compared with the reduced purchasing power of the general public.

Business failures in the United States for the week were 219 against 226 last week, 244 in the like week of 1908, 165 in 1907, 170 in 1906 and 179 in 1905. Canadian failures for the week were 25, against 30 last week, and 39 in same week last year.

Wheat, including flour, exports, from the United States and Canada for the week ending May 20 aggregate 1,493,993 bushels, against 1,229,900 last week and 2,930,254 this week last year. For the forty-seven weeks ending May 20 this year, the exports are 156,713,522 bushels, against 186,006,227 in the corresponding period last year. Corn exports for the week are 123,071 bushels, against 131,241 last week and 75,892 in 1908. For the forty-seven weeks ending May 20 corn exports are 27,817,240 bushels, against 44,538,845 last year.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., May 25.—Insipid cable reports and general rains throughout the wheat producing areas weakened the market during the early hours. About the most bullish factor was the consistent decline in stocks. Toledo received 7 cars, including five of No. 2 red. Cash and May opened with a loss of 1c at $1.53, July ¼c off at $1.20½, September ⅜c lower at $1.13⅞, December unchanged at $1.13 and June ½c lower at $1.46½. In the first half hour prices were stationary.

Profit taking by overloaded longs caused a break in the latter part of the day. John Inglis sent in bullish reports on Missouri. The Kansas crop was estimated at 76,000,000. Cash and May closed 1c off at $1.53, July ⅝c lower at $1.19⅝, September ½c off at $1.18¼, December ½c down at $1.12½, June ½c off at $1.46½. Liverpool closed ⅛@⅛d off.

Heavier receipts than expected and sympathy with wheat weakened corn. May started ½c off at 76¼c, July unchanged at 72½c, September ⅛c higher at 71½c and December unchanged at 59c. Save for an advance of ⅛c in the far month prices were steady early in the day.

Cash at the close sold at 76½c, May 76½c, July at 73c, September at 71⅝c, and December at 58⅜c.

Oats was stronger in the near month and a trifle easier in the more remote futures. May opened ½c higher at 63¾c, July unchanged at 57¼c, September ⅛c off at 45⅛@ and December ½c down at 47⅛c. Prices early in the day displayed a weaker tendency.

Closing oats prices: Cash 63c, May 62c, July 57c, September 45⅞c, December 47⅛c.

Clover seed opened steady with the previous close with cash quoted at $5.90, October and December at $6.65 and March at 6.77½. There was an advance of 2½c in cash before 10 a. m., but otherwise the market ruled steady early in the day.

Cash and May closed unchanged at $5.90, October and December 2½c off at $6.62½, March 2½c down at $6.75.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close May25.	Close May24.
Cash	1.53	1.54	....	1.53	1.54
May	1.53	1.54	....	1.53	1.54
July	1.20½	1.21⅝	....	1.19⅝	1.20⅝
Sept.	1.13⅜	1.14⅜	....	1.13⅞	1.14⅛
Dec.	1.18	1.14	....	1.12½	1.13
June	1.46½	1.47½	....	1.46½	1.47
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	76¼	76⅝
May	76¼	77	....	76½	76⅝
July	72½	73	72⅝	73	72½
Sept.	71⅝	....	....	71⅜	71⅛
Dec.	59	....	....	58⅝	59
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	63	63
May	63¼	....	....	62	63
July	57⅛	....	56⅝	57	57¼
Sept.	45⅝	....	....	45⅞	45⅞
Dec.	47⅛	47¼	....	47⅛	47¼
Clover seed—					
Cash	5.90	....	....	5.90	5.90
Oct.	6.65	....	....	6.62½	6.65
Dec.	6.65	....	....	6.62½	6.65
March	6.67½	....	....	6.75	6.77½
No. 2	....	....	....	5.60	....
Rejected	....	....	....	5.15	....
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	92	....
No. 2	....	....	....	91½	....
No. 3	....	....	....	88½	....
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	....
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.85	....
Aug.	....	....	....	7.50	....

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.34¼	1.35¼	1.33⅝	1.34	1.34¼
July	1.18¼	1.19⅛	....	1.17⅝	1.18⅝
Sept.	1.10⅞	1.12	1.10⅝	1.10½	1.11⅛
Dec.	1.08¼	1.09⅝	1.08¼	1.08⅝	1.09¼
Corn—					
May	74¼	....	....	75¼	74⅝
July	70⅛	71⅜	....	70⅝	70⅜
Sept.	67⅞	68⅝	....	68⅛	68⅛
Dec.	58½	58½	58⅛	58⅝	58⅝
Oats—					
Cash	62⅝	63	62⅜	62⅜	62¼
May	55¼	56	54⅞	55½	55¼
July	45⅝	46	45⅜	45⅝	45⅝
Sept.	46⅛	46⅜	46	46⅛	46⅜

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	1.25⅝	1.26½	....	1.25¼	1.26
Corn—					
July	80	....	....	80⅛	79⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	1.14⅜	1.15½	1.14⅜	1.14⅛	1.14⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.33⅛	1.34½
July	....	....	....	1.30½	1.31½

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.31¼	1.31⅝
July	....	....	....	1.30⅝	1.31¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	18.72	....	....	18.72	18.52
July	18.55	18.77	....	18.75	18.55
Sept.	18.65	....	18.60	18.85	18.60
Lard—					
May	10.75	10.80	....	10.82	10.72
July	10.72	10.85	....	10.82	10.72
Sept.	10.87	....	....	10.97	10.85
Ribs—					
May	10.20	....	....	10.27	10.20
July	10.25	....	10.20	10.22	10.22
Sept.	10.25	10.35	10.22	....	10.25

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, May 25.—Hogs scored a gain of 5c to 10c today on light receipts, good demand and strong advices from outside markets. Light weights showed comparatively more strength than the heavies. All other live stock was quoted higher, cattle, sheep and lambs and calves showing material gains.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 300 lbs., $7.65; mediums, $7.55@7.60; Yorkers, $7.50@7.60; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $7.25@7.50; stags and roughs, $4.00@6.75; mixed, $7.45@7.55; bulk of sales, $7.55@7.60.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.50@6.75; good to choice, $6.00@6.40; good, fat, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.00@5.50; common and light steers, $4.00@4.75; choice fat cows, $5.00@5.50; fair to good, $3.50@4.75; common cows, $2.50@3.25; canners and cutters, $1.50@3.00; prime export bulls, $4.75@5.25; good butcher bulls, $4.50@4.85; fair to good bologna, $3.75@4.50; choice fat heifers, $5.50@6.00; fair to good heifers, $4.75@5.40; common and light heifers, $3.75@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.25; fair to good feeders, $4.50@4.85; stockers, good to choice, $4.50@5.00; stockers, common to fair, $3.25@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Sheep